

# THE MANHATTAN.

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1884.

NO. 1.

## THE LUTHER MONUMENT AT WORMS.\*

THERE stands in front of the royal palace in Berlin a magnificent bronze monument, which, of its kind, is probably the grandest artistic creation of the nineteenth century. It is the equestrian statue of Frederick the Great surrounded by the images of his foremost generals, with the sculptured story of his victories and the symbolism of his mighty dynasty. Christian Rauch, several years since numbered among the departed procession of princes in the plastic art, from Phidias to Thorwaldsen, was the sculptor, whose name made conquest of immortality chiefly through this magnificent creation.

The one quality which one misses in contemplating this great masterpiece is that of moral significance. In this regard, it makes no such impression as do the Parthenon sculptures, even in their mutilated relics, which stand, not only for the highest aspirations of artistic genius, but for the noblest enthusiasms of patriotism and of religious faith as well.

Judged simply by its exalted moral quality, irrespective of its claims to technical excellence, the Luther monument at Worms is certainly the grandest artistic creation of our time. And, therefore, the true story of its conception and execution, which, in some of its most important details, has thus far never been told, will surely be welcomed by multitudes not only in our own country, but likewise in foreign lands.

Before entering upon the rehearsal of this interesting story, it is proper for me to state that I am indebted for many of its most important particulars to Prof. Adolf Donndorf, now of the Art Academy, in Stuttgart, but

some years since a pupil of the lamented Ernst Rietschel, of Dresden, who has gone into history as the creator of the Luther monument at Worms. It will appear in the course of my recital, that although the artistic conception of the Luther monument, as a whole, is justly credited to Rietschel, yet, in consequence of the infirm condition of his health, long protracted by pulmonary consumption, the larger part of the work was entrusted to Donndorf, his most gifted pupil and assistant, who was familiar with its entire history, from the first experiment in clay to that day of triumph, when, in the presence of the most illustrious princes of Europe, in political power, in scholarship, and in moral dignity, the completed work was unveiled and dedicated to its sublime mission of historical remembrance and inspiration for unborn ages. Besides a personal rehearsal of the story of the Luther monument which I have had from Donndorf's own lips, I have availed myself of the published history of this grand artistic enterprise by Dr. Friedrich Eich, of Worms, to whom, possibly, more than to any other man, the financial success of the project is indebted.

Through a variety of causes, which it would be difficult to specify, the year 1856 was marked in Germany, and especially in the districts of Hesse and the Rhine, by an active competitive antagonism between the Protestant and the Catholic branches of the church. The zealous propagandism of the Catholic branch, never intermitted through all the centuries, but now powerfully stimulated from the Vatican through new dogmatic devices, awakened on the

[Copyright, 1883, by THE MANHATTAN MAGAZINE CO. All rights reserved.]

\* Copyright, 1883, by J. LEONARD CORNING. All rights reserved.



THE LUTHER MONUMENT AT WORMS

From a photograph by C. Holzamer, Worms.

part of the German Protestants a mighty reaction in favor of the special forms of faith which struggled so bravely for the mastery under the leadership of Martin Luther and the reformers of the sixteenth century. For centuries it has been the mode in Europe, and especially in Germany, after mighty men have ended their earthly career, to set up their images in public places, that the voiceless lips may still speak to the people of coming generations long after the fate of mortality has obliterated the last trace of their visible presence. On this wise, on the streets and the public squares of German cities—aye, of modest towns and villages as well—the dead scholars still teach, the departed prophets preach, and the poets of by-gone generations sing their melodious verses to the people of to-day.

The self-same noble passion it was which inspired a few brave men, of whom Pastor Keim and Dr. Eich, of Worms, were the leading spirits, to attempt a revival of the slumbering faiths and enthusiasms of the Reformation, on the spot where this mighty struggle passed through one of its most critical periods.

The idea of such an historical memorial was not a new one. As early as 1817, the

year in which the three-hundredth anniversary of the German Reformation was celebrated, the subject was actively discussed. Twenty years later, it was again revived in several articles which appeared in the principal public journal of the city of Worms. But the time was not yet ripe for the birth of such a mighty undertaking. Another score of years passed, when, on the 19th of June, of the year 1856, there appeared, in the *Frankfort Journal*, a communication from the Rhine, calling public attention to the importance of erecting a bronze memorial of Luther in the city where the critical event of the Reformation took place. In response to this appeal, communications were sent from various parts of Germany to the leading representatives of the Protestant faith in Worms. And so prompt was the evidence of ripening enthusiasm, that two of the preachers of Worms, Dekan Wagner and Pastor Keim, took the responsibility of issuing an invitation to a public assembly of evangelical Christians in Trinity Church, of that city, to be held on the 27th of June, 1856, the distinct purpose being to arouse popular interest in the grand enterprise.

The result of this primary convention was the appointment of a provisional com-

mittee of thirty-four members, who, with the co-operation of the Department of the Interior in the Grand-Duchy of Hesse, organized a central union, with the definite aim "of erecting to the memory of that chieftain of the faith, Martin Luther, a magnificent bronze statue, in the market-place before Trinity Church, in the city of Worms." On the 15th of December, 1856, a working committee was organized, of which Pastor Keim, of Worms, was the president, and Dr. Eich, principal of the gymnasium in the same city, the vice-president. Two days later, a call was issued by this committee, inviting voluntary contri-

butions from evangelical Christians of all nations to the grand enterprise. And then, for the first time in forty years, since the project was publicly agitated, did it assume an earnest business aspect.

Months of hard work and patient waiting intervened, during which Dr. Eich, on whose shoulders the heaviest burdens rested from the beginning to the end, visited the principal cities of Germany to spread the flames of popular interest and enthusiasm. It happened that on his journey to Berlin, with the object of holding a conference with Rauch, the sculptor of the great equestrian monument of Frederick the Great, Dr. Eich made



PHILIP THE MAGNANIMOUS

PART OF THE WORMS MONUMENT

From a photograph by C. Holzamer, Worms.



JOHN HUSS

PART OF THE WORMS MONUMENT

From a photograph by C. Holzamer, Worms.

a halt of a few hours in Weimar, and witnessed the unveiling of the bronze group of Schiller and Goethe, the then latest work of Ernst Rietschel, and one of the noblest masterpieces of modern memorial sculpture. This event took place in the public square of Weimar, on the 3d of September, 1857, and called together an immense assembly

of princely personages and representatives of culture from all parts of the Fatherland. It may easily be imagined that, at this critical moment in the story of competitive art, the name of Rietschel came naturally to the front. The final decision in his favor was doubtless promoted in chief degree by the word of Rauch, who positively declined any



active participation in the artistic department of the enterprise, on account of his advanced age, and in the most emphatic terms recommended Rietschel as the man above all others fitted both by his religious sympathies and his artistic endowments for such a magnificent undertaking. Only three months later, on the 3d of December, 1857, the great Rauch died in his *atelier* at the age of fourscore.

Meanwhile, under the direction of the central committee at Worms, a vast constituency of workers was busy gathering from all parts of Europe and the civilized world contributions to forward the grand project. Ten thousand subscription lists

were scattered, within the space of a few weeks, over as many miles of the earth's surface. Responses of material aid were already fast flowing in. Twenty-five royal and princely families, both native and foreign, headed the long catalogue of contributors, and among all classes of society, at home and abroad, the interest was so lively, and took so practical a form, that, before a sculptor had been definitely selected, it was clearly manifest that the enterprise was not likely to fail for lack of financial resources.

A few months of careful reflection, and consultation with men thoroughly versed in the business details of artistic enter-



THE CITY OF SPEYER PROTESTING

PART OF THE WORMS MONUMENT

From a photograph by C. Holzamer, Worms.



JOHN DE WYCLIFFE

PART OF THE WORMS MONUMENT

From a photograph by C. Holzamer, Worms.

prises, sufficed to convince the committee in charge that a competitive trial of various artists and their models would embarrass rather than aid the final result. And on the 26th of January, 1858, a formal communication was sent to Rietschel, in Dresden, inviting him to take the entire work in hand, from the first artistic con-

ception to the last stroke of the polisher's hand. The response of Rietschel to this overture, conveying at once the grandest opportunity and the most flattering distinction of his life, bears date the 2d of February, 1858, and is worthy of record as an example of piety and modesty rarely witnessed in the story of art.

"How shall I," wrote the great sculptor, "give expression to the feelings awakened by the distinguished overture of your committee, which entrusts to me the execution of a memorial to Luther in Worms? What a commission is this! Could one imagine a task which should bring more honor or kindle a livelier enthusiasm? With the earliest intelligence of your undertaking, it was but natural that the desire should find place in my bosom that I might be the fortunate artist selected for the realization of this noble conception. Not doubting that my name would be included among the number of artists whose merits came under the consideration of the committee, I yet deeply realized how wide is the chasm between candidature and election, and the more powerfully the ambition took possession of me, the more resolutely I strove to suppress it. Accept my thanks, honored patrons, for the confidence with which you have distinguished me, and be assured that, according to the measure of strength given to me by God, I will faithfully carry out your utmost wishes. Although no artist can confidently assure himself that any given undertaking will be accomplished to his entire satisfaction and that of others, yet a profound consciousness of the high significance of the task committed to me will be a perpetual stimulant toward successful endeavor. I pray God that he will enlighten my mind, guide my hand and reinforce my bodily health, that I may execute this work to his honor, to the satisfaction and joy of all Protestants, and I will add, likewise, with a just and tolerant respect toward those of the Catholic faith."

Noble words were these, and let them stand in the story of this grandest memorial of religious faith as a protest against theological bigotry of whatever sort. Let the great sculptor be the interpreter of his own sublime conception. And if this right is accorded to him, then the Luther monument at Worms will stand through the ages, not as a glorification of polemic dogma, but as an everlasting testimony of the right of private judgment, of liberty of conscience and of the supreme worth of sincerity in religious faith.

As yet no definite plan for the execution of a Luther memorial had been de-

cided upon. In the beginning nothing more was contemplated than an heroic bronze statue of the great Reformer as he appeared before the Diet of Worms. This project was commensurate with the resources at hand when the selection of a sculptor was first definitely decided. But Rietschel's great mind soon perceived that any personal memorial, however grand the personality, would be wholly inadequate to the occasion. And he soon settled it in his own mind that, in case a very considerable increase of material contributions could be realized for the mechanical work, he would undertake the artistic department, if necessary, with a merely nominal remuneration, rather than allow the final result to prove unworthy of a larger and nobler conception.

This conception contemplated nothing less than a visible and everlasting memorial of the entire story of the Reformation, by the reproduction of the images of its great representative personages and the critical events in the long struggle, which, instead of being compassed by the mortal existence of any single man, included at least twelve illustrious apostles, and covered a period of more than three centuries.

In submitting plans, both for a personal and an historical memorial, to the central committee, Rietschel strongly advocated the latter, at whatever cost of time and money. And it is to his firm adherence to this conviction, with a disinterested devotion which challenges our profoundest respect, that the world is indebted for the grandest historical memorial of faith which art has produced within a period of more than twenty centuries.\*

In his final communication to the central committee, the great sculptor distinctly expressed his views in the following words: "As the monument is to be erected in Worms, the fitness of a definite historical representation is clearly evident. The reason why the memorial is placed on this particular spot of earth should be at once recognizable, and the portraiture of Luther should distinctly remind the beholder of the one great deed of courage and faith which he accomplished in Worms. The plan for this memorial has, however, greatly



PHILIP MELANCHTHON

PART OF THE WORMS MONUMENT

From a photograph by C. Holzamer, Worms.

extended itself. It should be not only a monument of Luther's personality, but likewise of the Reformation, of which he was the central and crowning figure. I mean not an episode of his life, not a fraction of the man, but the whole of him, and all his work, should have expression.

"It must be considered, likewise, that not a single city or a single nation even, is engaged in erecting this memorial, but all Protestant peoples of the earth have it in hand. And therefore even Worms, although it witnessed the crowning deed in the life of the great Reformer, has no right to demand a representation of his personality, with ex-

clusive reference to a local circumstance, however grand its moral significance."

The more extended plan of historical representation having been decided upon, a great number of mechanical and artistic questions came up for discussion. Prominent among those was what may be called, for lack of a better name, the architectural arrangement of the various members of the monument.

It will be evident at a glance that in artistic unity and grace the work has sacrificed something by the loss of pyramidal character. The importance of this was duly considered, by the artist, and only after long re-

flection, and with great reluctance, did he decide to sacrifice artistic effect in some degree to moral impression and historical truth. With the spirit of broad and manly tolerance, of which we have already seen a conspicuous illustration in Rietschel's letter to the central committee accepting his high commission, the great sculptor perceived that the reformation of Luther was far more a struggle for freedom of conscience than a campaign of theological propagandism. And there is no doubt that, in adopting the more extended, in place of the pyramidal plan in the arrangement of the various members of the monument, he distinctly intended to make visible the

great characteristic quality of the Reformation, to wit, the individuality of faith.

Long before Rietschel had taken in hand the first clay model of the central figure of the great work, a practised eye could have detected in his face and form the prophecies of premature physical decay. His first visit to Worms for conference with the central committee, in June, 1858, was after a protracted sojourn in Ems, the famous German watering-place for pulmonary invalids. The flames of bodily force were burning low and only the fires of noble ambition and brave resolve maintained their wonted fervor.

Despite the faith and hope which are



FREDERICK THE WISE

PART OF THE WORMS MONUMENT

From a photograph by C. Holzamer, Worms.



GERONIMO SAVONAROLA  
PART OF THE WORMS MONUMENT

From a photograph by C. Holzamer, Worms.

often symptoms of pulmonary disease, the great artist doubtless felt occasional premonitions that his earthly career would terminate before the completion of his work. And, impelled by a sense of the brevity of opportunity, he promptly took his task in hand, and at the end of the year 1860 was able to write from his *ate-*

*lier* in Dresden to the central committee in Worms, informing them that the clay models for the statues of Luther and Wycliffe were finished. The letter which communicated this pleasing intelligence was the last which the committee ever received from his hand. And the artist, making incidental allusion to his fail-

ing strength, informed his employers that "with the first breath of spring he would be compelled to leave his *atelier* in the hands of his pupils and seek repose."

These words were realized, but not in the sense which the writer intended. With the first signs of approaching spring he was setting his affairs in order for a journey to Nice, where he hoped to pass the winter months of the following year. But the tide of life was fast ebbing, and a higher Power than human was writing on his chamber-wall the sentences of a stern decree, which, to the very last hour, the dying artist refused to read. As he sat in his sick-chamber, supported in an arm-chair, he ordered the plaster model of the Luther statue removed from his *atelier* to the garden under his window, and before he closed his eyes in the final slumber, he was permitted once more to behold the work to which his last life-energies had been piously consecrated. On the 21st of February, 1861, the great master peacefully breathed his last, having not quite completed his fifty-sixth year.

An immense concourse of mourners gathered at his funeral, and as, nearly three centuries and a half before, the last creation of Raphael was placed over his coffin, so at the burial of Rietschel, the Luther statue in plaster stood by his body as it lay in the embrace of death.

This point in my narrative is perhaps as favorable as any for a brief rehearsal of a little chapter in the story of the Luther statue which for twenty-two years has been kept from public knowledge, the details of it being known only to Prof. Adolph Donndorf, Rietschel's principal pupil and assistant, and one or two counselors elected by the central committee to keep a general supervision of the progress of this great work. In a late visit to the *atelier* of Professor Donndorf, in Stuttgart, he rehearsed, at my request, the general outlines of the story of the Luther monument, and, in the most casual and incidental manner, mentioned the circumstance which I am about to relate, the details of which I have only been able to gather by repeated interviews with him and by a careful consultation of documentary evidence.

The essential fact of the story, which will

presently appear, I related to Professor Lübke, and he assumed the responsibility of publishing it in the columns of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in a brief paragraph, which at this writing is making no small commotion in the public press of Germany.

The head of the Luther statue was the last object upon which the hand of Reitschel wrought during those sad, final days when the tide of his mortal life was ebbing away. Sitting in his sick-chair, he bent wearily over the plaster model of the Luther head, putting upon it the last finishing touches. He thought, upon a near view, that the head of the great Reformer was finished to his satisfaction and that of the public. Yet when he viewed it at a distance from his chamber window, he detected points, I know not what, which he wished to correct. But, alas! the hand, which had not lost its cunning, had lost its strength, and, summoning his pupil Donndorf to his sick-chamber, he requested him to make the desired changes in the head of the statue. With prompt obedience Donndorf set himself to the task under the eye of his dying master, who lived long enough to see the altered model and approve it. Nothing remained now but to mold the clay into plaster and send the completed whole to the foundry for the final casting. But misfortune waited at the door, and through a subordinate's bungling manipulation the clay model was dropped upon the floor of the *atelier* and broken into fragments. Before another model could be made the eyes of the great master were closed in death. Meanwhile, the time for the casting at the foundry was pressing, and within the space of four days Donndorf executed a new model of the Luther head, which was approved by Dr. Schnorr, the head of the advisory commission, and without delay was adopted and put into bronze.

This is the true story of the Luther statue as it now stands in the city of Worms. That Donndorf, in rehearsing it to me, intended no personal glorification, is manifest from the fact that he has kept it for more than a score of years in the secrets of his own bosom, and has at last, under the pressure of public discussion, not unmixed with many personal animosities,





JOHN REUCHLIN

PART OF THE WORMS MONUMENT

From a photograph by C. Holzamer, Worms.

been compelled to relate the story in its minutest details, accompanied with documentary evidence which no jury of fair-minded men can gainsay.

That the Luther head in the monument at Worms has been the admiration of thousands for more than a score of years is an unquestionable fact. But, noble as is the conception, if the truth must be told, Donndorf has never been quite satisfied with it. And this need excite no surprise when we consider that he is a man of high artistic aspirations, and that when he hastily executed this work, he was but twenty-six years of age.

Improving the opportunity of the approaching four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth, Donndorf has been for some months at work upon a portrait bust of the great Reformer, suggested in its essential features by the painted portrait from the hand of his friend Lucas Cranach, in the Stadtkirche of Weimar. Professor Lübke, in a late notice of this work of Donndorf in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, pronounces it beyond comparison the noblest conception of the great Reformer which modern art has produced. The clay model, which I watched for several weeks, day after day, as it grew under the master's hand, had not been

molded into plaster, before a copy in marble was ordered from Riga, in Russia. The artist has sent a plaster cast of this, his latest and noblest work, as a present to Mr. D. Willis James, of New York, in token of grateful appreciation of the generous attentions received from that well-known philanthropist, in connection with the magnificent drinking fountain now standing in Union Square, which was the work of Donndorf's hand, and which Mr. James gave to the city.

Such a magnificent conception as Donndorf's latest portrait of Martin Luther should not, however, be concealed from the public, but should stand in colossal size, molded in bronze, on one of the avenues of Central Park, where thousands can behold it, and draw from its wonderful features both artistic and moral inspiration.

The death of Rietschel put the grand project of the Luther monument in absolute peril, both artistic and financial. But a large portion of the funds necessary to its completion had already been collected, and public interest was aroused to such a degree that the central committee at Worms justly felt that suspension or postponement could not be tolerated, and that some way of escape must be promptly devised. The one most naturally suggested was practically the best, and the two pupils of Rietschel, Donndorf and Kietz, who had been at their master's side from the first conception of the work to the hour of his untimely death, were commissioned to carry it forward to completion. It will be seen that, though Donndorf was the younger pupil of the two, yet by far the largest part of the uncompleted task fell upon him. At least five of the principal statues which adorn the monument were entirely the work of Donndorf's hand. These are the Savonarola, Frederick the Wise, Peter Waldo, Reuchlin, and the Mourning Magdeburg. Six of the principal reliefs, historical and personal, were likewise executed by the same artist.

The figures of Huss, Philip of Hesse, Melanchthon, and Augsburg, were the work of Kietz. The figure of Speyer was executed by the Dresden sculptor, Schilling, in order that the monument might be completed on the day appointed for its dedication.

It is unnecessary to enter into a detailed description of the progress of the great work, as regards its individual members. Let it suffice to say that, at the close of the year 1867, the last models were completed by the sculptors, and the work of casting in the bronze foundry at Lauchhammer had already advanced so far that the day of unveiling and dedication was definitely fixed for the 25th of June, 1868. As will appear in a subsequent part of my narrative, this appointment was rigidly carried out. In reviewing their labors during a period of twelve years in the prosecution of this noble enterprise, it appeared that the central committee had had three hundred and fifty-six sittings, and had sent out and received eight thousand three hundred and ninety written communications. Early in the month of June, 1868, all the figures, reliefs, and various architectural members of the monument arrived in Worms, and by the 18th of that month the entire work of erection was completed, and the grand whole was covered from the view of the public, to wait for the appointed day of dedication. Before giving a brief description of the imposing ceremonies of that solemn occasion, it will be proper to convey to my readers a more definite notion of the monument as a whole, and the local relation of the different members of the grand group to one another.

The entire group of sculptures, as well as the architectural accessories of the Luther Monument, stand upon a rectangular granite basis measuring forty feet on each side. On the four corners of this basis, resting upon postaments of polished syenite eight feet in height, stand the bronze statues of the chief political and religious defenders of the Reformation; in front, at the left of the observer, Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, and at the right Philip, Landgrave of Hesse. On the extreme rear corner, at the left of the observer, stands the figure of John Reuchlin, and opposite him, on the extreme rear corner at the right, the gaunt form of Philip Melanchthon. These statues are of bronze, and measure eight and a half feet in height.

The front of the quadrangle is entirely open, and constitutes an entrance thirty feet in width to the interior of the monument.

The sitting figures between these heroic



PETER WALDO

PART OF THE WORMS MONUMENT

From a photograph by C. Holzamer, Worms.

statues are designed to represent the three cities which were chiefly identified with the Reformation, viz., at the left of the observer, between Frederick the Wise and Reuchlin, Augsburg, with the palm of peace; at the right, between Philip of Hesse and Melanchthon, Magdeburg, in her garments of mourning, and on the rear wall, between

Melanchthon and Reuchlin, the allegorical figure of Protestant Speyer. On the inner surface of the inclosing wall, in bronze reliefs, are the coats-of-arms of twenty-four German cities which fought and suffered for the Protestant faith.

In the centre of the monument, grouped around the colossal statue of Luther, sit

the bronze images of the four great pioneers of the Reformation; in front, at the left of the observer, Savonarola; opposite him, at the right, John Huss, and on the rear, at the left, Peter Waldo, and at the right, opposite, John Wyckliffe.

A battlemented wall incloses the entire group, and is designedly so constructed as to remind one of the battle motto of Luther, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*."

Of the grand central figure of Luther, standing ten and a half feet upon a postament twenty-seven feet high, it is unnecessary to speak at length, except to say that the idea at first entertained, of representing him in the habit of an Augustine monk, in which he appeared before the Diet at Worms, was, after much discussion, abandoned, and the great Reformer stands before us in the accepted gown of an ecclesiastic in the church which bears his name. This was in entire conformity with the broad conception of Rietschel, distinctly expressed in the communication already quoted, which, in a grand historical memorial like this, regarded the Reformer, not as the representative of a local circumstance, but as the exponent of faith for Protestant peoples the world over.

Not a little discussion was had likewise over the proper disposition of the hands of the Reformer, but it was at last, and I think the world will think wisely, decided to adopt the present arrangement—the left hand holding the Bible, and the right clenched with iron resolution and resting on the sacred volume, while he uttered the memorable words, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen."

As regards the minor accessories of the monument, a few words will suffice.

On the central shaft which supports the statue of Luther are inscribed some of his memorable sayings (*Kraft-worte* the Germans call them, that is, power-words) which were the battle-calls of the Reformation. Under these, on the four faces of the shaft, are medallion portraits of the two Saxon electors, John the Steadfast and John Frederick the Great-hearted, which occupy the front face. On the rear face are the portraits of Ulrich von Hutten and Franz von Sickingen, and on the sides those of Luther's faithful friends Justus Jonas and John

Bugenhagen, and the two foremost figures of the Swiss Reformation, John Calvin and Ulrich Zwingli.

The lower section of the central shaft contains on its four faces reliefs representing scenes from the life of the great Reformer, having especial relation to the critical struggle of faith of which he was the crowning figure. First, we have, in front, Luther before the Diet of Worms; on the rear, the nailing of the famous theses on the door of the castle church of Wittenberg, and on either side The Lord's Supper in both elements, Luther's marriage, the Translation of the Scriptures, and the Preaching of the Reformer.

The coats-of-arms of five German princes and two cities which subscribed to the Augsburg Confession on the 25th of June, 1530, complete the subordinate members of this sublime memorial, which, in richness and variety of artistic resources as well as in historical revelation and moral significance, is by far the noblest work that modern art has produced.

The little city of Worms had been alive with activity for several months in preparation for the grand ceremonies attending the unveiling and dedication of the memorial, which was destined to revive her almost forgotten glory in the annals of history, and which for now fifteen years has attracted to her thousands of visitors from every quarter of the globe. As the pecuniary contributions which made such a magnificent creation possible, had been gathered from all nations of the earth, and from almost all religious sects as well, not excepting a goodly number of representatives of the Catholic faith, it was the aim of the central committee to make the festivities of dedication wholly free from sectional bias of any kind.

It was on the 18th of April, 1868, the three hundred and forty-seventh anniversary of Luther's appearance before the Diet, that invitations and programmes of the festivities were sent out to the Evangelical Christians of Germany and likewise of the remotest civilized nations of the earth.

The ceremonies of unveiling and dedication occupied three days, from the 24th to the 26th of June, inclusive. On the

evening of the 24th, when the bells of the three Protestant churches of the little Rhine city pealed out the inauguration of the grand occasion, every street, almost, was overhung with arches of evergreen and decorated with flowers. Sermons appropriate to the approaching festival were preached in all the evangelical pulpits of the town, and the entire population, irrespective of the peculiarities of religious creed, had resolved itself into a great committee, with various departments and functions adapted to the exigencies of the hour.

The next day was the golden day, and with the rising of the sun every bell in the city and the adjacent country chimed forth its jubilee, and on every church-tower bands of trumpeters played the ancient chorals of the church, whose notes, centuries gone, had cheered the reformers in the weariness of toil and suffering.

From early morn till noon the trains brought long processions of pilgrims, and every road from the surrounding country was filled with foot-passengers and vehicles of every description, on their way to what was, for the hour, the Jerusalem of hope and joy.

Great companies of singers, from a dozen German cities, had gathered in the streets and squares, and long ere the ceremonies proper began, the air of the twilight morn was ringing with their choruses.

It was the people's day in very deed and truth. Nevertheless, it was not to be expected that inevitable social barriers would be ignored. More than a score of princely families had opened their purses in aid of this noble enterprise, and had put it before the peoples of the earth with the endorsement of their powerful names. It need not be wondered at, therefore, that royalty, on this golden day of faith and holy memories, was remembered with respectful partiality. The Grand Duke of Hesse, the protector of the "Luther Monument Union," had interested himself especially to secure the attendance of people of royal and princely

lineage, and not without success, for at least two kings graced the occasion with their presence, the King of Württemberg and that other grand old man who is now Emperor of Germany. Besides these there were crown princes and crown princesses and dukes—grand dukes and average dukes—and duchesses to match not a few.

In the forenoon of the grand festal day sermons were preached in all the Evangelical churches of the city by men of renown, and as the bells rung out the hour of noon a great procession, numbering several thousands, led by an immense orchestra of singers, moved toward the public square where the grand memorial stood waiting for the moment of unveiling.

Pastor Keim, as President of the Central Committee, made the speech of dedication; and when, at a signal given by the orator, the drapery fell and disclosed the grand memorial, twenty thousand voices joined in singing Luther's battle hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

The remaining hours of the day, and the next following, were spent in festivity, religious and social; the one leading sensation, perhaps, being a telegraphic despatch of congratulation from the Queen of England, expressive of her cordial sympathy, and that of her people, with the enthusiasm of the great occasion.

Two direct descendants of Jacob Luther, the brother of the great Reformer, were present at the festivities. I find, by referring to the catalogue of distinguished guests, that both of these gentlemen bear the name of Luther, and that one is clerk in a civil court and the other an auctioneer, both living in towns so insignificant that one would hardly expect to find them on the atlas. Such is the fate of pedigrees; but the name of their renowned kinsman will live in the memory of men when his bronze image has perished from the earth.

J. LEONARD CORNING.

STUTTGART.

October, 1883.

## PITI-JOSI-BA'TISTE.

### I.

'T WAS a bitter night in the good old times of Governor Carondelet. How strangely cold for the soft climate of Louisiana! Outside there was a sleety shimmer of icicles encasing everything; inside there was a roar of crackling fires, fagots, pine-knots, shavings, leavings of the numerous *chantiers* here and there through the city, or logs gathered in from the river after their long rambles from the far Minnesotas and Wisconsin: anything and everything, in short, that would give forth a blaze or warm up the frozen air of March.

The bitterness of the night soon stole a finer edge from the uprolling fog. The Mississippi lay at one's door like a huge crocodile, breathing forth mist and cloud from its mighty lungs, shooting toward the gulf below with the full force of its swollen spring-tide, kissing the passing plantations up and down its *côte* with a hungry caress, far different from that of a lover, and finally, after many a curvetting and tossing, tumbling its wild waters through the jaws of the outward passes into the open sea.

Bitter, indeed, thought a man cowering over a handful or two of charcoal that illuminated a great cavern of a fireplace, like the single eye of Polyphemus. Bitter—bitter!

He sat on a low three-legged stool; a diminutive figure, leaning its large head on its long thin fingers, which, in their turn, were the offshoots of preternaturally long arms that rested on updrawn knees. The back-view of this figure resembled that of some animal—some hooked or hunchbacked beetle, in which was hidden only a remote semblance of humanity—a scarabæus that had lost itself in its spiritual transmigrations and found itself again in a human form.

Back views are sometimes deceptive.

The meagre furnishings of the room were in keeping with the scanty fire. But a singular neatness pervaded everything, the

more singular as no traces of femininity were to be seen—no knitting-needles, flowers, work-basket, or bits of delicate non-descript ware eloquent of ready fingers.

This was evidently the establishment—or shall we say *ménage*, yielding to the neighborhood—of an old bachelor—who knows? Perhaps a recluse or a misanthrope, hating flowers, knitting-needles and work-baskets, as a limbo into which scraps of invaluable time are thrown, otherwise a thousandfold better spent.

The door creaked; several people entered. The cowering figure poked the fire, and in the flicker of the ascending sparks their physiognomies came out each with its spot of fire on it, as a chance interpreter.

"Sit down, messieurs," said Piti-Josi-Ba'tiste. "What news?"

Three other three-legged stools huddled about the fire-ball in the chimney, and together they formed a pretty picture.

Was it a conjuring spell going on? The guests said nothing; they did nothing—they only gazed into the fireplace as if trying to drink up its flame into their eyes, each face in sombre half-shadow, curiously halved, the one side ruddy with dancing reflections from the chimney, the other ebon like a silhouette profile.

"Well?" repeated the questioner with his gentle voice. (This gentleness of voice was a characteristic—the first refutation of the back view.)

"Failure! failure!" answered the three, each in his own accent, which, to a practised ear, resolved itself into that of several of the southern provinces of France.

"I have a plan," said their interlocutor.

"*C'est bien*," gravely answered the three.

In a little while they got up and left.

Piti-Josi-Ba'tiste was still pensive; his plan, whatever it was, had not been divulged; his visitors had retired as mysteriously as they came; the fog had swallowed them; they were no more.

One thing was noticeable about these



men, however: they were evidently all of one craft. O-Zé-Blancs, the tallest, was a thin, willowy figure, with no more shoulders than a lightning-rod, but with a face and eyes in which absolute fearlessness combined with singular quietude of demeanor to arrest attention. You couldn't meddle with him—that was conveyed to you in a manner absolutely unmistakable. His soul shone out of him through entirely transparent orbs, and he was as square in his gaze as an antique portrait into which some painter has thrown the soul of intrepidity. Whatever others may have done, *he* had never questioned himself. There was no opaqueness in his pale gaze behind which tremors might lurk or a suggestion of cowardice.

O-Zé-Blancs talked little. When he did talk, it was in explosive monosyllables, each pungent with meaning. There was something uncanny in his pale, white eyes. When their crystal humor was shot with ire, or when he fixed them deliberately on anybody, they reminded one of visual lancets, pricking and probing—and yet always so still and imperturbable!

And what of Co'-Nez? Oh, a *drôle*! as his friends said. Never so sparkling a Lothario could be found in all Orleans. His step was a butterfly's; his attentions to the flowers (alack, *fleurs du mal*!) were innumerable. He had danced on every waxed floor—of a certain class—in New Orleans. A sort of human adjective, he attached himself to every substantive of the feminine gender: a perpetual discord, he was the delight of harmonious assemblies. His *non*! followed your *oui*! with instant, though caressing fervor, and you forgot wrath in the charm of contradiction. What a fascinating, light-hearted wretch, with the dew ever in his eyes, the song ever on his lips, the dance ever in his feet! Women adored him, while, in their heart of hearts—though they named their little pet kittens after him—

they felt a sort of unexplained awe at his invincible gaiety. He was a weird man. What mightn't he do next? That, indeed, the future alone could disclose. He had already done so many things. There was such odd audacity in his short nose. The twinkling humor of his eyes inspired quite as great a respect as the imperturbable gaze of O-Zé-Blancs. They were such careless, never-seeing, brimming, omniscient eyes! "Look out!" said the women; "while he's examining the lobe of your ear, *pouff*! he sees the tip of your slippered *bottine*." Nobody had such art in wringing hearts to the last drop of blood. Nobody had such knack in extracting information.

Tintinniac, the third of this copartner-ship, was a silver-voiced Oriental, psychologically speaking. Of unknown antecedents, his ancestry seemed painted in his face: a lithe, Eastern-looking figure with the large liquid gaze, the warm dark complexion, the mulattisque suggestiveness of the regions of the Nile. Whence had come his spirit? Heaven only knows, for it had made a transit through blood of many shades, which paled as it passed from its aboriginal Semitic through Portuguese, Spanish, and French, until now, in its fifth or sixth generation, it seemed absolutely identical with the blue blood of its mixed environment. *En route*, it had caught up many singular traits—one was an invincible softness characteristic of the race. No matter how fierce their instincts—and in some things they may be tigers—there is nearly always this pensive timidity of voice, this velvety manner that has a feline charm. Semitic eyes seldom glitter—they shine; and Tintinniac's shone with a mild wondering splendor; they had a humid intelligence, like a cat's, and depths of sadness like a clear pool withdrawing itself from the penetrating sun into undercurrents of shadowy indistinctness.

What magnetic chain held this odd quartette together? We shall see.

## II.

Doña Marina lay in her boudoir, luxuriously tranquil; she, too, was of an exotic race, but who could tell it. There was positive cruelty in the whiteness of her hands—

veined japonica-blossoms full of negligent grace and passive indolence. Cruelty, I have said; for these hands were so hopelessly, spotlessly white that they suggest-



ed snow with its insensibility. She was not one of your leonine women—at least, when not roused. Rather she had the indolence of flowers, the softness of down, the gentle irradiated glance of a fawn. As she lay there on her embroidered lounge, one hand daintily playing with a fan, one tiny rosetted slipper peeping out from its hiding-place, one thought of the 'serpent of old Nile'—a contemplation spoiled, however, by the provoking piquancy of her smile—you felt instinctively that this woman was a silky creature many removes distant from the dark majesty of Cleopatra, and yet recalling her in the mingled languor and power of her attitudes. There was an imperious decision in the way that rosetted slipper gently moved up and down—a pendulum marking the deliberation of some thought of subtly shaded gradations of poise and equipoise. There was also power in her very indolence, which grew in your mind to an image of stilled activity, latent force, dwelling chiefly, it seemed, somewhere in the region of the neck and brow, both of which lifted themselves with linear erectness.

Doña Marina lay on her lounge: she held an open letter in her hand; there was sunshine in it, for she smiled. The smile at once undefied her, it was so humorously human, so replete with knowledge gained only on this earth. The austere shyness of the goddess immediately yielded to a pleasant compatibility that seemed to find all around congenial. The unsmiling divinities had no shrine in Doña Marina's spirit. Was it *amie* or *ami*? Ah, señora, who shall say?

The paper, at least, was perfumed, for the air was already full of it; and are there not remote associations connected with perfumed paper? Madame's (for so we shall call her occasionally, following the mingled fashion of New Orleans) cold, white hand dropped the paper after a while and sought her lips. And then you saw that though the hand was marvelously large it was beautifully shaped, with its dimpled digits full of sparkling rings. One's first thought was, what a blow that hand could give! And yet it lay so peacefully pure and chiseled where she placed it, follow-

ing a favorite inclination to lean her head on her uplifted palm.

Evidently something was being thought out. The pendulating slipper kept up its pendulations; the great, slow eyes looked in their Syrian fashion fixedly on the floor; the whispering curtains hung listlessly at the windows; the sun cast great sprays of golden-rod at madame's feet, and madame did not notice the homage. Were they weaving an intricate plot for those feet? The sun came in through tangled morning-glories and small diamond-shaped panes of glass fixed in with lead (after an ancient fashion), covering the floor with chess-boards of quivering brightness, criss-crossed with idle vine-leaves. A single canary hung above madame's head in a gilded cage, itself a spark of cherubic fire, making vocal the sunlight. Every now and then it perked its cunning little head through the prison-bars and looked down on madame—a sly, subtle glance, full of intelligence, downward—askance; then it uttered its merry little thought in small bursts and articulations of song, as clear as the granules that float up and down a sunbeam.

A slight rustle: a shimmer of skirts: ah! there stood Dolores! Did you ever see a portrait of Mme. Vigée-Lebrun—that laughing incarnation of the *ancien régime*? Well, here she was—fifty years younger!

"Come, Dolores, what is it?" said Doña Marina, waking from her reverie.

"Nothing, *madre mia*. You have a letter?" (Dolores had seen it ages ago; hence her answer, "Nothing.")

"Yes, but not for you. Who knows; maybe it is about you?"

"About me!" cried Dolores, translating possibility into certainty. "And that, pray?"

"Nothing, *chiquita*; at least, nothing just now. I haven't finished reading it yet—and I was thinking."

Dolores look puzzled. She lingered a little and then went out—a lithe and arrowy water-serpent, whose slender elegance had no reminiscence of the *embonpoint* of the mother.

Many scions of Castilian Spain had floated over to Louisiana during the Spanish domination, traces of whom abide to this

day in the jeweled eyes, the olive skins, the aristocratically small feet, the abundant dark hair they left behind them. There are streets named after these *hidalgos*; there are archives in which their noble, high-sounding names are to be read, churches where their ashes rest, hearts and spirits that are perpetual urns aflame with their memories. The tinkling of Sevillian guitars is no unknown sound in New Orleans, stirred as it is by the most perfect moonlight in the world. Old forts, too, recall those happy Spanish times; canals, ramparts, plantations below and above the city, customs in and out of doors, stalls at the markets, plazas in the town. The town-house was the old Spanish Cabildo; there were many suggestions of the vast colonial system of the mother country. Even now you seem in a Romanic province in certain *vias* as you listen to the barbarized Latin or catch the sonorous polysyllables of the lower classes.

Just so with Doña Marina's family and environment. A glance at the house told you it was Spanish—low, wide-galleried, with a high basement and crawling flights of steps leading up to its front-door. There was the veritable dragon-headed knocker which you see on the doors of Valencia; the veritable round-arched, small-paned semicircle of glass over the hall-door; the flagged courtyard within, where burned one dazzling disc of sunshine all the summer long; the sloping, red-tiled roof, with its cloven half-cylinders clutching one another and forming long parallel conduits for the water to run off, and the quaint Spanish chimneys and dormers staring sleepily out over the corrugated roof as if well aware of their work of supererogation in this open-air clime.

One could not fail to note a monarchical flavor about these old houses—houses whose impassive repose looks half-distraught at the mere mention of republicanism—houses going back to the good old days of Charles IV. and Godoy to Ferdinand VI., perhaps, or Charles III. Each of them was a massive architectural innuendo as to the flimsiness of these times, and was built to resist earthquakes, gather in great flakes of yellow light along echoing galleries, be overshadowed by mantling magnolias and

embroidered with cypress-vine, and form a patriarchal centre for the huge families of the time of slavery.

These houses, too, never stood just so, isolated habitations in a great city, one of a neighborhood more or less swarming, a unit in a multitudinous aggregate. *Dios*, no! Each of them had kin in the country—one or two or three plantations, where indigo, sugar, or rice was cultivated after the fashion introduced by the Capuchin fathers; granaries whence the city mansions drew their supplies; banks of laughter and of light whereby these sombre Andalusian-looking houses were illuminated and enlightened; storehouses of dainties manufactured by the overseer's wife and sent to town to grace madame's table of shining mahogany. These old Spanish *haciendas* play an important part in the history of Louisiana. They swarmed with slaves, cattle, fowl, fish from the *bogues* and bayous, wild water-creatures spangling the surface of tarns deep in the *cyprès* and cane, whence they fly with shriek and shimmer like feathered meteors, and overcloud the sportsman's sky with their dense numbers—all this and many another picturesque item—parroquets, *cailles-lauriers*, alligators, *poules d'eau*, *bécassines*, *grassets*, *papalette*, what not—variegating these fruitful inclosures, and all appearing in due time in town as curiosity or the like for madame's delectation.

Hence the luxurious aspect of these habitations, with such a background—that is, their aspect of aristocratic ease and indolence; their motionless serenity; their immobile calm. They formed anchoring-grounds dedicated to Tranquillity, living protests against haste and ineptitude, flowering Islands of the Blest westward of all disturbance, *crèches* whence numerous families issued to wide relationships and intermarriages, bits of distinguished repose amid so much that was restless.

"Sylvie!"

"Señora?"

An African physiognomy set off by headkerchief and *fichu* of spotless white appeared at the door. Sylvie had the high-bred manner of the ancient and trusty slave that had been brought up in the presence of master and mistress with a due

sense of responsibility thence ensuing. The manner is demure but perfectly self-possessed, without obsequiousness, and not unduly alert.

"Put on your things and carry this letter to Señor Tintinniac." (Doña Marina had been writing while we were taking a hasty inventory of the house and its associations.)

"Si, señora."

Sylvie was madame's housekeeper, and a sort of duenna for Dolores. In the kitchen she was supreme; in the *sola* and on the principal floor, she ruled with a silent and unswerving patience, accuracy, completeness. Did she not hold the keys? She was her mistress' *confidante*. That was enough. The other slaves looked on her with awe as a lofty and favored being, endowed by some fortunate fairy with her mistress's ear, abrupt and autocratic in her ways to them, tranquil and punctilious in her intercourse with *chiquita*, and the lady

of the house. She was a type of the happiest rank of slave, of the highest dignity to which her race could attain; her face mantled with brown intelligence; its clear, rather emaciated lines, combined decision with softness. She had a marvelous art in twisting her *tignon* peculiar to the French and Spanish slave population of Louisiana. There was even a certain grace in her gliding step as she went noiselessly through her daily duties, and, though never in a hurry, she was never slow.

Sylvie felt her importance, but she had a refinement far from rare in her race, which prevented her from degenerating into insolence. Rather, she looked upon herself as a medium of communication between the under and upper regions; she never presumed; things kept their equilibrium through her; she knew it; the others knew it; and in a household of twenty souls this gave her unmistakable power.

Sylvie did as she was bid.

### III.

One day Piti-Josi-Ba'tiste met his friends in the street, a singular group. First, Piti-Josi-Ba'tiste himself, a cross between a crocodile and an imp (said his enemies), a sort of creole Tom Thumb endowed with alert intellect, moving painfully along owing to his difficulties of gait, constitution, and configuration, one may say; not vivacious as his kind usually are, not finical or even pessimistic in spite of his disadvantages, hereditary, social, corporeal, but serenely unconscious of being unlike anybody else, upheld by some inward strength, worth or satisfaction, propelled by an indefatigable will that never slept, with his long arms swinging at his sides, his great head turning slowly but with very definite intelligence, first to the right and then to the left, in search of acquaintance or visual delight or themes for meditation. Then O-Zé-Blancs, more than usually longitudinal, pale-eyed, imperturbable, with his teeth clinched as if they had snapped a bar of iron, his eyes wide open before him, his slim shoulders slanting the sunbeams as a duck does globules of water; no ire in his

face, but intense curiosity, kindling surprise, concentrated condition. The fuel for his abstracted look was being fed into him, so to speak, by a low-murmured narrative in *patois* from Piti-Josi-Ba'tiste. The little man was evidently the master of the long one. There is a seraphic intelligence in cripples; their powers are earlier developed, they have more of them, or, at least, their quality is finer than the powers of normally constituted folk; the egging of the flesh quickens the psychic processes; perhaps they have more highly convoluted brains than their sound kin; perhaps they are adult from the start and never have a childhood; whence their far-reaching, piercing vision, ratiocination, aptitude. Whatever be the cause, the effect could be seen in Piti-Josi-Ba'tiste as he lurched at O-Zé-Blancs and communicated to him what seemed some wondrous secret—an explosion of verbal gunpowder in his ear—judging by the consequences to his companion. The long man jerked suddenly sideways like a barque careening, looked bewildered, and then gave vent to a low, strange chuckle,

which in him was more fantastically horrible than his bursts of white anger.

The others sauntered at some distance behind, one obviously chaffing the other—Co'-Nez and Tintinniac, to be exact, the one an incarnation of April morning, perpetually a-shine, perpetually in tears; the other settled as summer in his slow, handsome way, the mingled dignity and beauty of his person, his florid color and reposeful lines. Tintinniac seemed like a great, noble-looking ox being stung and taunted by a dragon-fly. Why did he bear it all? It pleased him—that was all. There was a glint of light every now and then on his sunburned cheek, a trembling something or other about his lips that was born into a slow, long-lingering smile that died away in his mustache somewhere, after illuminating it till it, too, seemed to smile. They were carrying on their own conversation and did not hear the talk of the two men in front of them. The rear-guard of this little squad were evidently of different social position, circumstances, rearing from the vanguard. Was that why they kept behind? Both Co'-Nez and Tintinniac were faultlessly dressed; neither of the two in front could be so described. And yet we know they must have been friends.

"Yez," said Piti-Josi-Ba'tiste, with eagerness; "'t'iz so. I kno' id—I find id oud—you zee, id arrive to zhe ride time."

"Hein?" said O-Zé-Blancs, absent-mindedly.

"Id—arrive—to—zhe—ride—time," repeated Piti-Josi-Ba'tiste deliberately; "you zee?"

"Be id so?" said O-Zé-Blancs, looking out into space. "I kinnoo conceive id."

"Well, you zee—"

"Where did you make her acquaintance?" asked Co'-Nez of Tintinniac, as the two followed on behind. "Ah, I see, you scamp!" he added, poking Tintinniac archly in the ribs. "You handsome fellows always get the better of *novolle* (*nous autres*), as the Gumbo has it. We stand no chance at all!"

"Never mind where I made the acquaintance. I made it—that is sufficient. And yet you know how jealously these Spanish dragons guard their treasures! A verita-

ble leopardess with amber eyes! However, I ingratiated myself. You know I have the *de quoi*, and some other things. 'Twas one evening at the ball; madame was there and Dolores—radiantly beautiful. They glided past me like two birds of paradise—not before Dolores and I, however, had exchanged a glance. I sought an introduction: *voilà!—veni, vidi, vici*, echoed Co'-Nez, with his mocking French accent.

"Yes," said Tintinniac. "And what a grand widow—that Doña Marina! There's a chance for you, Co'-Nez."

Co'-Nez was in high glee; his little insect-like eyes sparkled with infinitesimal fun; the whole man was a lump of lambent gaiety. The discovery of the secret tickled him into drollery and he was fairly effulgent with crackling animal spirits.

"No, not now; later perhaps. You know I don't believe in bound volumes—rather have them loose and flying. Besides, how grotesque; that superb she-devil and I, *sous-signé*!"

A little gay French laugh, like a giggling music-box tune, followed this sally. The juxtaposition was too absurd; Co'-Nez recognized it with the unerring instinct of his race.

"It is not absurd; they are both rich; they have a hundred slaves apiece; and how delightful, *beau-papa* Co'-Nez!"

"Dieu!" ejaculated Co'-Nez; "I hadn't thought of that!"

"Ta-ra-la! Capital!"

"Think of it," said Tintinniac; "'twill do you good. There is no harm in it; twenty thousand a year—plantation—hundred slaves—house in town—Dolores and I *en pension—table et logement*!"

"Delightful!" tum-tum-tum," laughed Co'-Nez; "No; the prospect is too glittering; I can't stand it, good day!"

And off he flitted, wheeling round a convenient corner as if he were obeying an unseen commander.

Tintinniac, being left alone, walked slowly along, evidently in the mood for contemplation. He was looking into a brilliant future. Already singularly favored, he seemed on the brink of further fortunate developments. A bachelor of thirty-five, rich, good-looking, popular, physically sound to the core, full of ardent yet con-

trolled susceptibilities, lapsing only where young men of his age and station would be likely, and, indeed, thought it virtuous to lapse, a happy humanized animal, at length stirred by the gregarious instinct and finding simultaneously the woman of his choice. Who could be luckier? Tintinniac could not answer that question, at all events. He sympathetically turned to those around him; and in this way Co'-Nez had wormed his secret out of him.

What Tintinniac's occupation was nobody exactly knew. He was believed to be in government employ, a trusted agent of some sort, independent and highly connected withal; hence the more likely to be faithful. He was seen a good deal about the offices of the municipality, now in close converse with high officials, now writing busily at a table, apparently compiling memoirs out of piles of French and Spanish manuscript that lay before him. He was far, however, from having the lean, concave-chested look of an office clerk; on the contrary, what he did he did with an aspect of deliberation unknown to the hurrying *commis*: he carefully finished every period; he wrote erect and tranquil as a soldier, and there were people to wait on him who brought him big books, turned over the leaves for him, bowed to him with an air of respectful attention, and came or went nimbly when he made a movement. Some of them even ventured on a Monsieur *de* Tintinniac in their non-lucid intervals of flattering address. Whereat Tintinniac (thoroughly sound and manly as he was) would gravely correct—*Monsieur* Tintinniac.

His ramifying business, whatever it was, had brought him in contact with others, many of them far beneath him in the social scale, as Piti-Josi-Ba'tiste and O-Zé-Blancs; others, just within the lower verge of his circle, as Co'-Nez. Circumstances conspired to bring these men frequently together; they seemed to revolve on a common axis, to turn on a single axle, to be bent on a converging and harmonious purpose known to them alone. Lately this purpose had intensified; they were together more frequently than ever; there were fourfold, threefold, twofold consultations; the periphery narrowed; the radii were focalizing. Their recent meeting in Piti-Josi-

Ba'tiste's hut was the culminating meeting; the little man had quietly announced a plan; the others had acceded; the problem was on the point of solution.

There was more than one analogy between our *Cedipus* and the Theban one. The French are the most wonderful detectives in the world. Piti-Josi-Ba'tiste was a detective. There! our secret is out. In him the fineness of the French instinct had reached its climax; he would have remorselessly tracked his own mother to her closet, if she had committed a legal offense. It was not that mercy and pity and sweetness were no part of his organization; he had them all, and in good measure; but there was a quality still more fundamental—a sense of things awry and a passionate desire to right them. His subtle aversion to indirectness, his love of rectitude, his deep insight into criminality resulting from an unusual knowledge of human nature, went hand in hand in strange companionship with combative instincts, aggressive tendencies that forced him not only passively to resist evil, but actively to fight it, root it out, sow its fallow fields with salt, extinguish its caustic fires, squeeze its colossal form into the phial of the fairy-tale, and throw it, if it might be, into the depths of the sea. Wrongs suffered in his childhood, ridicule suffered in his middle life, had made him acutely susceptible. He was a sensitive-plant, opening and shutting to the rhythm of unseen influences—a barometer delicately determining by a chance phrase the weather of a man. Like a live coal his spirit was kept ever quick by experiences around him. His sphinx was the condition of the slaves among whom he had been born and reared. Marvelous to say, he had looked upon these slaves from a point of observation apart from his contemporaries. His own kindled and quickened sense of wrong gathered from a bitter past had wrought out in him a sense of comprehensive benevolence toward others, had turned his eyes to look about him, had suggested to him that all was not right with these smiling *hacienderos*, as some called them, that possibly a great wrong was being committed. He did not, like the saint after whom he was named, lift up his solitary voice in the wilderness;



that was more than he durst do then and in that place; but he was not idle. All the silent energies of his nature turned in this direction, incredible as it may seem: amelioration of the condition of the slaves, alleviation of their hopeless lot, surveillance, as far as it was possible, over the complex relations existing between master and slave. It was necessary for him, under the circumstances, to keep very quiet, to live a sort of breathless life—shadowy, indirect, skulking, to keep out of sight and out of mention, lest he should rouse against himself the hatred and vengeance of the powerful slave aristocracy of the town. So he vanished out of the public gaze, disappeared into a remote hut in the French suburb, and brooded over his plans for unearthing cases of crime perpetrated against the blacks, and reporting them to the police. This might not do much good, but it at least called attention to glaring cruelties and brought certain practices into unenviable notice, while the information was so given that direct responsibility for it could not be traced to him.

Thus he lived, a saint of the twilight, gathering sweetness to himself out of the shadows of his life, upheld by an ineffable consciousness born of secret well-doing, laying plan and plot for his victims as intricately as a chess-player, scenting with the keenness of a hound the presence of wrong in his spiritual neighborhood, never ceasing day nor night till he had brought it to light and held it up to public shame. Nobody, looking at his ruined body, would ever have conceived that such a purpose lay hidden within it. In fact, people avoided him as something uncanny and unnatural, a withered goblin, repulsively ugly, mysteriously intelligent; they felt afraid of him; they did not know why; he had such power of fathoming you! From his youth he had been known as Piti-Josi-Ba'tiste, and the name followed him into manhood. Though uneducated, in the ordinary sense of the term, he had odd aptitudes and unexpected talents. One was a peculiar power of deducing conclusions, tracking consequences, going through syllogisms in the concrete, as it were, without the least knowledge of logical technique; following indications to their start-

ing-point, disentangling moral snarls, and coming out with a piece of triumphant analysis when you least expected it! Catch him tripping in his calculations!

One day he had met Sylvie as she came out of madam's with that look in her face.

All was bustle and preparation in the Rue des Bons Enfants. Spring had come, and with it complete resurrection of man, woman, children, flowers. Never had Orleans looked lovelier, never had the old house in the Rue des Bons Enfants smiled out of a greater luxuriance of bud, leaf and blossom.

In northern latitudes there is no conception of the waving luxuriance of the savannahs of Louisiana; it is like a prairie fire—quick, intense, all-enveloping; the verdure sweeps from parish to parish; there is almost an audible reverberation of awakening and reviving straw blades, grass, burgeoning limbs, crackling and shivering cane, gleaming rice fields, drenched and swamp-encircled vegetation. The spring days are infinitely suave, smooth, tranquillizing; the pest palaces of nature are swept of their dead leaves; a new brilliance is on the sky; an evergreen gladness lurks in twilight *côtes* and *métairies*; a seminal and germinal warmth lingers in the humidity of the air; great, gloriously-drawn, spiral-curved mountains of cloud shot with salmon fire splash the horizon or hang in deathlike stillness over the retreating land—all is suggestive of the interfusion, the cumulation of electric and other energies. There is an urge in the unseen laboratories of the earth which is not gratified till it has put its head up out of the ground, or bursts into varied displays of bubbling and leafy life.

Even Doña Marina, calm and self-poised as she seemed to be, felt the aggressiveness of nature, lent an ear now and then to the whispering airs of fertility that blew over her garden; set her smiling face westward to look out of the windows on the color-schemes drawn in glowing hieroglyphics over her flower-beds, and felt in her slow way the beauty and bounty of the time.

As for Dolores, it was hard to distinguish her from one of the moths that shot about the beds; she lived in the garden, she lived on its perfumes, she sat under the trees lost in needlework or took pen-

sive walks (ah, that letter!) up and down the *allées* of the garden, or held a book on which flickered phantom arabesques of light and shadow shot down from the leaves above. She felt the gay spring-time at least; nay, had it not suddenly assumed to her a sacred association? She was betrothed! Everything acquired a new and mysterious interest; scales seemed to fall from her eyes and she saw things with a sense of clairvoyance. She was taking deep cognizance of the future; she peered as in an All-hallow-E'en glass and tried to discern the fates; every now and then a gentle shudder passed through her virginal breast—an instinctive alarm at she knew not what; then a rich sense of life and fullness and comfort succeeded, or a lovely shame and confusion at herself, or a reverie from which plaintive images were remote. She did not wish to analyze herself or her feelings, even if she had known what the word meant. She had seen *him* at the ball; she had seen him many times since; she had seen her mother with a letter—and Doña Marina smiled! (smiles play a great part in these pages). This little series of unimportant events constituted her whole happiness—and what an encyclopedic felicity it was! Her present mood made her forget even certain mysteries connected with the old mansion in which she had always been interested—certain terrors which it had inspired in her, as far back as she could remember—the remembrance of certain remote parts of it which she had never been allowed to visit; certain chambers which her childish imagination had clothed with awe and left in the region of undeveloped or unexplained enigmas. These had been a constant puzzle to her; she had once dared to question *madre* about them; and what a look of wrath and surprise she had got in return! No; she never would ask again; and she never did; for the look of her smiling, wholesome-looking, handsome mother on this memorable occasion she never forgot; it was a transformation.

Dolores, therefore, flitted about everywhere with bird-like instability, except in this particular part of the great house. Here she shrank; here her irises dilated;

she fled! And the other side of the house was so big, sunny and commodious that her little excursions to this side were soon forgotten or transfigured, or stripped of excitement. Her excursions to the plantation, her life at the convent where the nuns had given her her education, her evening walks with *madre* (Sylvie loitering just behind) in the grand plaza, her quiet life at home, had filled up her years till they had reached seventeen; and now? Oh, Mr. Tintinniac had come!

"Come, Dolores," said Doña Marina, one day, as Dolores was sitting in the garden; "come, I have something to say to you."

Dolores started; she had been thinking of—never mind! However, she had learned quick obedience to her mother, so she abandoned her pleasant reveries and went in.

How fair they were to see: the bud and the wide-open corolla! Evidently, Doña Marina had had both sweet and tempestuous days. There was an air of splendid selfishness about her ample form; superb self-indulgence had written its cipher in her face; you felt at once, egotist! She moved with measured grace and easy decision. The lower part of her face was almost masculine in its breadth and power, and her softly shut lips had a man's firmness. The face would have been beautiful but for a singular expression which it assumed now and then; a momentary kindling of some unfathomed instinct in her flashing through it, putting the smile to flight, leaving behind it a pallor like that of chalk and a look like that of some hard burnished metal. Sylvie knew that look, and it was a reflex of it that she carried away in her own face after she had had an interview of unusual length with her mistress; Sylvie mute, exquisitely neat, soft-footed, patient, intelligent; as faithful and lean and fierce as a hound.

The banns will be published next *Dominica*, Dolores; do you agree?

There was a charming hesitation in Dolores's "Yes, *madre*"—not too alert, not too lingering, accompanied by a bright blush. To have one's-self published to the world in a crowded church as a man's betrothed! It was a great trial—worse than the first communion. But it had



its compensations. Was there not something most musical in that combination: Señora Tintinniac? Certainly as much so as in Señorita Dolores de Agola. Dolores was silent, thinking over the matter. The shadow of a rose burned in each cheek; a certain luminousness of gaze made her eyes look phosphorescent; her light garments fluttered about her; there was excitement in her stillness.

Doña Marina seemed gay—if large women ever can be. Her rich dark skin glowed with pleasure; her movements had

a nervous elasticity hitherto unnoticed; she had grown positively nimble. Doña Marina never jested, or she would have jested now; she had not sung since girlhood, or she would have trilled and tremolo'd a little. Dolores safely wedded—and to such an unexceptionable man; the solitude of their lives, so dependent on servants, ended; the prospect of *nietos* and *nietas* coming in the course of time, with all the attendant bustle, brightness and cheerfulness; there was happiness yet in store for them all. Madame was the picture of content.

# V.

Dolores' wedding night!

How fair it all was—the ancient hostel in holiday attire, the sworded *hidalgos* with their ruffled linen, the bright women infinitely brighter for their fluttering white apparel, the illuminated gardens where each magnolia-blossom was a lamp of translucent crystal, the great far-running galleries (as they call the verandas of the South) forming corridors of light kept from the gaze of the street by ample *persianas*, the fire-dogs winking in the great fireplaces, the glinting furniture casting back sparks of light from the blazing chandeliers, the scent-laden summer in fresh from the solemn woods girdling the city, the humid glory of the stars minoring themselves in the river, the low southern skies lifting their transparent pavilion out of the clear lilac of the horizon-edge into the deep and ever-deepening purples of the empyrean; the sweet-textured air, fine as satin, touching the cheek and forming the play-ground of innumerable insects, like a huge Japanese screen suddenly become alive—the laughter, gaiety, and glad spirits!

Madame and Sylvie had made a fairyland, contriving wonderful things on short notice, flying hither and thither like a weaver's shuttle, manipulating with excellent skill all the tangled and intricate ins and outs of the occasion, both of them embodiments of the old imperial administration, of pleasant affability, of friendly welcome and good cheer, the *dénouement* was unraveling so felicitously; what compensation for years and years of anxiety, care, planning,

and plotting! Dolores had had many suitors; it was so difficult to decide. At last—at last—the brilliant consummation was at hand! Doña Marina's matronly bosom heaved with pride; this was truly felicity.

Sylvie kept peeping in here and there, from behind curtains or between *persianas*, to see that all was right; there was light in every line of her emaciated face—not joy, but ardor, and strange subdued excitement. Her cheek looked hollow, and her eyes were gleaming: to-night they were coal-black flint pointed with diamond. They seemed to seek her mistress wherever she went, like the motionless, inquisitorial eyes of old portraits. At times Doña Marina was almost annoyed by their intensity and pertinacity: what could possess Sylvie? The soft splendor of the lamps only seemed to bring out the livid mauve of the slave-woman's skin into yet more ashen colorlessness; her thin lips were almost blue with compression; she looked like one deaf and dumb in the midst of all this mantling music, light, and perfume—a startled outcast suddenly aware of disease of the heart.

How many sparkling epaulets graced the occasion! There was, many a pair of pumps and white silk stockings, too; many voluminous perukes of the end of the last century; many an order set in brilliants lightening from afar on the coats of the *señores*; powder was in the ascendant; snow-white heads, beneath which shone jetty eyes, nodded here and there; ancient gentility, refurbished and reset in new and young surroundings, lent an air of state; beauty-

spots and dimples, and charming reminiscences of the figures in Watteau's interiors, filled the rooms with witchery. Many of these grand gentlemen and ladies had been to Aranjuez and Versailles; one saw it in their polished manners, their thin waists, their overpowering *coiffure*; one breathed it in their old-world atmosphere. What lent peculiar piquancy and indescribable charm to the occasion was just this intermingling of effects new and old, green and gold, autumn and springtime; an aroma of lordly fashion blending and contrasting with the freshness, vivacity, novelty, of a nuptial ceremony, or, rather, feast in the New World; the superabundant vitality, the unspoiled jealousy, the innocence and plenty in their framing of high-born punctilio, profound courtesy, amusing and interminable complimenting.

Dolores floated about like an elf, now still as a lotus-flower, as she stopped for a moment, head averted, pensive, in a corner, to think; now eager as a white dove to be fluttered about and caressed with voices of congratulation, applause, compliment—her first and greatest triumph. M. Tintinniac, too, was never far behind, displaying even now the proverbial jealousy of men of his condition—a big, happy, smiling, good-humored barge drawn by the silken hawsers of Titania. Wherever she went, he was sure to be near—his perfect wife!

The ceremony had been celebrated at the cathedral of St. Louis, and now the wedding party was taking place at the home of the bride.

It struck twelve. In half an hour the lights would be out and the guests dispersed.

It had been the proudest moment of Doña Marina's life—altogether triumphant, in fact, and successful beyond all expectation.

The guests assembled for the final dance—two long, shining, sinuous rows. At the head of the column stood Doña Marina, with Don Alonzo, Marquis of Villa Nueva; next to her were Dolores and M. Tintinniac; and then, on down the long and glittering line, couple after couple of gallant gentlemen and piquant dames, with feathers in their hair. Flutes, viols, and harps began

to melt together in ravishing harmony, intoxicating the heart, inspiring the feet. The long line began to sway like a mighty serpent, as by one common voluptuous impulse. Doña Marina, back to the door and beaming with happiness, was about to bow to the marquis—

"God of Heaven, what is that?"

Above the mellow reverberation of the music there was heard—there was whispered—a strange sound.

A great door at the end of the room slowly, deliberately, noiselessly opened; the room within was dark, but the soft shine of the parlors threw forward a reluctant gleam. It fell on—

What?

Piti-Josi-Ba'tiste!

Slowly the great door swung open—slowly issued forth a strange procession. A thrill of unutterable horror ran through the assembly. What was it? What could it be? Five human beings, gaunt, squalid, shrinking, hideous, tottered forth into the blazing light—five black, shriveled, naked, famished figures, each with a chain clanking at its heel—Sylvie, with demon eyes, on one side, O-Zê-Blancs, impassive, spectral, on the other; Co'-Nez and Piti-Josi-Ba'tiste in front—the circle of horrified guests quailing as before some awful vision.

"Zhee!" thundered the dwarf. "Doña Marina's wards—her five slaves—she freed zhim in Zhe Oubliette—zhe starve zhem to deazh. So she do many, many year—nobody know id. I find zhem! Zhee! mes-dames et messieurs!"

There was no answer save a shout from without more awful even than the vision within. Somebody had passed the tidings—who? Then a sudden glare—a roar—a deep and fearful moan. Was the house on fire? A cry for mercy—a desperate struggle—Dolores! Doña Marina! where were they? Who could tell? The midnight heavens—what a nuptial torch!—shone blood-red; hundreds of awe-struck faces peered through the fence. Sylvie? The detectives were right. Piti-Josi Ba'tiste had his plan!

JAMES ALBERT HARRISON,

Author of "Greek Vignettes," "Spain in Profile,"  
"Dardanelles Days," &c., &c.

## "AT THE GOLDEN GATE."

---

Before the golden gate she stands,  
With drooping head, with idle hands  
Loose-clasped and bent beneath the weight  
Of unseen woe. Too late, too late!  
    Those carved and fretted,  
    Starred, rosetted  
Panels shall not open ever  
To her who seeks the perfect mate.

Only the tearless enter there :  
Only the soul that, like a prayer,  
No bolt can stay, no wall may bar,  
Shall dream the dreams griefs cannot mar.  
    No door of cedar,  
    Alas, shall lead her  
Unto the stream that shows forever  
Love's face like some reflected star!

They say that golden barrier hides  
A realm where deathless spring abides ;  
Where flowers shall fade not and there floats  
Thro' moon-rays mild or sunlit motes—  
    'Mid dewy alleys  
    That gird the palace,  
And fountain'd spray's unceasing quiver—  
A dulcet rain of song-birds' notes.

The sultan lord knew not her name ;  
But to the door that fair shape came :  
The hour had struck, the way was right,  
Traced by her lamp's pale, flickering light.  
    But ah, whose error  
    Has brought this terror ?  
Whose fault has foiled her fond endeavor ?  
The gate swings to : her hope takes flight.

The harp, the song, the nightingales  
She hears, beyond. The night-wind wails  
Without, to sound of feast within,  
While here she stands, shut out by sin.  
    And be that revel  
    Of angel or devil,  
She longs to sit beside the giver,  
That she at last her prize may win.

Her lamp has fallen ; her eyes are wet ;  
 Frozen she stands, she lingers yet ;  
 But through the garden's gladness steals  
 A whisper that each heart congeals—  
     A moan of grieving  
     Beyond relieving,  
 Which makes the proudest of them shiver.  
 And suddenly the sultan kneels !

The lamp was quenched ; he found her dead,  
 When dawn had turned the threshold red.  
 Her face was calm and sad as fate :  
 His sin, not hers, made her too late.  
     Some think, unbidden  
     She brought him, hidden,  
 A truer bliss that came back never  
 To him, unblest, who closed the gate.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

## WOMAN IN MODERN CIVILIZATION.

IF the patristic theologians could have perceived, even in a dim and shadowy manner, the importance of the part which necessarily falls to woman in the development of civilization, they would never have uttered the monstrous statement that woman is "the door of hell and the worker of all human ills." If they could have risen above the ascetic view which caused them to look at life through a distorted medium, and which regarded woman as the chief source of temptation to man, this diseased estimate could never have had any existence. But the world is wiser now than it was in the days of the Christian fathers ; and we are therefore in a position to understand more clearly the true character of woman's mission and her place in the evolution of society. From our present standpoint we are able to appreciate more fully than the early theologians could, the conditions of progress, as revealed through a careful study of the different ethnical periods. In this way the various stages of civilization are as sharply defined as the successive geological formations, arranged, according to their relative conditions, into successive strata. An investigation of each stratum thus exhibits whatever is most characteristic of the time, and shows the relation

in which it stands to the general course of civilization. The progress of mankind is thus seen to be a matter of very slow and gradual growth, and as each age gathers up the experience of the past, and thus gains in impetus, we come nearer to a proper appreciation of those moral forces which underlie the advancement of woman.

For it must be easily seen that no matter what has been the position of woman under a less civilized state of society, we cannot be consistent with our professed enlightenment if we hesitate to recognize the supreme importance of her claims as a progressive force in society. The conditions which render it true, that nothing gives a more instructive insight into the true condition of savages than their ideas on the subject of relationship and marriage, also render it true that nothing more completely proves the advantages of civilization than the improvement which it has affected in the relation between the two sexes. But what we have already accomplished in this direction is but an incentive to continue in the enlargement and purification of our views. It is a long distance between us and the Australian savages, who regard their wives as slaves and beasts of burden. But it is a

longer distance still between what we are and what we ought to be in our appreciation of woman as a great moral force, entitled, upon the authority of a universal law, to absolute equality with man and equal intellectual opportunities. Perhaps we shall have to realize that "strife between opposite tendencies is not only the parent of all things," as Heraclitus says, but also that out of discord the music of harmony can sometimes be produced. But in realizing this let the modern mind set itself to the recognition of certain co-ordinates or offsetting principles which underlie all forms of life and social development.

And in this system of all-pervading dualism nothing is more striking than the marvelous adaptation of the sexes to each other. In this respect we rise by an easy transition of thought above those ideas of sex which have in all ages entered into the conception of creation, and which in earlier mythologies regard the sun as the emblem of virility, a male, and the earth, as the emblem of femininity, a female. But in the transition of thought we not only realize that there is an infinite meaning in the principle of dualism to which I have referred; we also realize that if the world is ever to receive in full measure the blessedness of sexual adaptation, it can only do so by elevating woman, and in rendering her the fit exponent of those conditions which are implied in her existence. And it seems to me, the present age is really ripe for such an appreciation of woman's proper place. With the exception of those whose minds are inflated with an unwarranted sense of masculine importance, the judgment of the age is fairly and unequivocally in favor of enlarging woman's sphere, and giving her the freest and fullest opportunities for the development of her faculties.

I am aware that much has been said about the inferiority of woman's brain-power and her natural unfitness for important intellectual work. And if this assertion could be conclusively proved, it would go very far toward indicating the boundary line beyond which woman must not go. Unfortunately, however, for those who make this claim, the evidence introduced

by them is largely hypothetical and tentative in character, and does not touch the fundamental principles on which the equality of the sexes necessarily rests. Undoubtedly there are intellectual differences as there are physical differences. But it would be absurd to claim that the rugged intellect of man is on this account superior to the finer intellectual temperament of woman. The truth is, that there is an adaptability on the intellectual plane of life quite as truly as there is an especial fitness in the sphere of emotional movement and mutual attraction. Nor must we forget that if there exists the difference in cranial capacity, which is so vigorously quoted against woman's intellectual claims, the most distinguished anthropologists have shown that there is a still greater cranial difference between civilized and savage women. "Very curiously, the cranial capacity of the prehistoric women was greater than that of the women of to-day," says Delauney; and this is also the result of the investigations of Broca, Le Bon and Zametti.

From these considerations it therefore follows that the mere size of brain proves nothing, unless we are in a position to estimate at their proper value other conditions which are equally important, and which serve to emphasize the truth of that view which dwells quite as much upon the finer quality of woman's brain as upon the ponderosity of man's cranial capacity. For it must be observed that in brains, as in other things, quality is quite as important as quantity. On this subject the eminent German physicist, Büchner, makes some remarks which are worth quoting, and which I give in refutation of the ordinary masculine view:

"The smaller stature and weaker muscular development of woman, as well as the smaller diameter of the nervous threads which converge in the central parts of the nervous system, quite naturally cause the total mass of the female brain to be comparatively smaller, without necessarily causing the development of energy of the parts of the brain devoted to the intellectual functions to suffer. In the second place, even if it could be demonstrated that these parts remain in their development behind those of man, this may just as well be

ascribed to defective exercise and cultivation as to an original deficiency. For it is well known that every organ of the body, and therefore also the brain, requires for its full development, and consequently for the development of its complete capability of performance, exercise and persistent effort. That this is and has been the case for thousands of years in a far less degree in woman than in man, in consequence of her defective training and education, will be denied by no one. . . . Finally, in confuting this objection, a point must not be forgotten, to which attention cannot be too often called—namely, that the estimation of the intellectual value of a brain depends not merely upon its size or material bulk, but equally, if not even more, upon its internal constitution and the finer development of its individual parts, and that it is perfectly conceivable that the female brain, as regards this fineness, and in accordance with the greater fineness and delicacy of the female body generally, may exceed the male brain in the same proportion as the latter exceeds the female brain in its development in size."

And so it is that, notwithstanding the futile attempts to disparage women intellectually, we discover a wise arrangement rendering men and women mutually dependent, quite as much as to their higher conditions of life, as to the ordinary media of relationship and reciprocity. If it be true that woman without man would be but a helpless creature, "wasting her sweetness on the desert air," it is equally true that man without woman would be nothing but a bloodthirsty animal, swayed by low impulses, and brutalized in his habits of life. In the strictest sense, the one sex is complementary to the other, and in the higher development of civilization they perform their work best when their relations are due to well-grounded principles of equality and interdependence. As I have already said, there is a sense in which physical difference implies intellectual difference. But, as a corollary of this proposition, it follows that two things may be different without being unequal. Or, differently stated, it is quite possible for conditions which produce unlikeness to produce equality and mutual dependence.

It is true the world is not all radiant and harmonious; it is often savage and chaotic. In thought we may only see the bright, but

VOL. III.—No. 1.—70.

in the hard fact we are brought face to face with the dark side. And the same is true in the social development of the heterogeneous from the homogeneous, and in the adjustment of those controversies which many profound thinkers regard as necessary concomitants of progression. In the sphere of thought and feeling, no less than in the world of nature, attraction and repulsion seem to be essential and indispensable. In some respects antagonism is but a synonym for progress, and gradually the higher is evolved from the lower, until as Cleanthes sings in his hymn to Jupiter:

"Thy hand, educing good from evil, brings  
To one apt harmony the strife of things."

And thus we pass, at last, from the conflict and discord of the world as it passes through its various stages of evolution, until it shall have reached a state in which man shall realize in woman the incarnation of all that is beautiful in nature and in life, "dear, and yet dearer for its mystery."

In studying woman as she is to-day, it is to be admitted that we cannot help exclaiming with Livius: "*Parvis mobilis rebus animus muliebris*." But in admitting this we must remember that these aimless and meaningless distortions of womanhood which are now so common, are abnormal productions, and exist because our social theories are wrong, and because their existence is demanded by certain brainless coxcombs who from sheer emptiness are easily intoxicated by the exuberance of their conceit and the enormous inflation of their self-importance. Like the geese which saved Rome, their anserine qualities may, perhaps, serve some hitherto unknown purpose in warning us against the approach of an enemy, invited by the general emasculation which renders their existence possible. But outside of the usefulness which is in this way possible through their excess of absurdity, they serve no purpose, and are simply the exponents of an inane egotism which in the form of an abnormal growth has fastened itself upon modern civilization. Without these specimens of diluted insanity we could not have "the girl of the period," with her numerous distortions, contortions, and silly superficial-



ties. But with them, and with the sexual parallelism which they have produced, we are in a position to study extremes of folly and moralize as to the probable consequences. It may be true that any movement which masculinizes woman and deprives her of her fine sensibility is a mistake and an injury. But it is also true that in this age it is a glaring inconsistency to attempt to circumscribe woman's possibilities in obedience to our false and narrow views as to what she ought or ought not to be. If this fairest flower of God's creation is simply designed to amuse man and to gratify a sensual appetite, there is, then, no necessity for giving the subject any consideration. If, however, woman is really intended to be the priestess of humanity, leading the world toward the attainment of a beautiful moral ideal, then are we bound to press forward until she shall have reached those heights of emotional purity accompanied by strong intelligence, which are the light and hope of future ages.

It must be admitted that it is not very encouraging to contemplate the masculine woman which some persons believe is to be the woman of the future. The woman suffragists, to whom reference is made, when one writer says they "cut their hair short, parted it on one side, and displayed longings for short frocks and trousers," may or may not be the natural product of a healthy agitation in favor of the extension of woman's sphere and the removal of certain disabilities which now exist, through an erroneous view founded on prejudice. Whether we agree or not with those who would plunge woman into politics, it is obvious, that on the broad principles of abstract right, women are as fully entitled as men to the exercise of their powers in the direction of the government. The work of woman in politics is, however, strictly speaking, a subsidiary question, and will adjust itself to its proper conditions as soon as woman shall be placed in a sufficiently commanding position to decide the question herself. For, after all, the logic of events and the concatenation of cause and effect would seem to point to the conclusion that she must be the ultimate arbiter on this important question.

Besides, if we admit the force of some of the objections which are raised against the advocates of the woman suffrage movement, it is equally incumbent upon us to realize that the movement has been unquestionably productive of much good. There is nothing so offensive to good taste as a mannish woman. But it is both unfair and absurd for us to suppose that all women in whom there exist force of intellect and independence of opinion are therefore mannish women. In many instances the women who have done most for the advancement of the suffrage movement have been the most exemplary wives and mothers, and whether we agree with them, or not, it is cowardly in any man to disparage a movement by resorting to ridicule, because he is unable to sustain his position by argument.

Nor must we forget that if there are women who strive to unsex themselves by becoming too masculine, so are there men who most effectually unsex themselves by a general emasculation of dress and manner, which would readily strike a stranger from another planet as representing a transition period between the sexes. If a mannish woman offends our good taste and judgment, a womanish man is an insipid embodiment of nothingness, and ought to be treated as a zoological curiosity representing some hitherto unknown family of the asinatory genus. From these considerations it therefore follows that if there are female oddities who furnish the weapons of satire to those who are opposed to the advancement of woman, there are also masculine oddities who show how closely a man can sometimes resemble a monkey. Touching the important questions of life in the most remote and superficial manner, and representing a phase which cannot be seriously treated, these peculiar creatures excite our risibility, and cause us to abandon ourselves to the claims of Democritus, the laughing philosopher. Much as the study of these superficialities may amuse us, they do not, however, and they cannot, reach those strata of evidence from which we must draw our conclusions if we desire to be philosophical and consistent.



And in this respect we can, perhaps, best attain our desired end by asking ourselves the simple questions, what is the apparent object of woman's existence? and what are the indications suggested by a careful study of her? Surely it cannot be, as some persons seem to think, that she was created to prevent Adam from falling into a state of melancholy loneliness. Nor can it be, as others believe, that she was called into existence to carry forward the procreative instincts of the human race. Unquestionably the latter view contains much that is essential to a proper appreciation of the subject. But standing alone it does not meet the question in its entirety, and ends where the complex character of the problem really begins. It explains the physical side of the question, but it does not touch those higher and more elusive qualities of adaptation which carry us into the sphere of abstract thought and discriminative analysis. Related to man by a mysterious bond of sympathy and attraction which is as real in the sphere of intellect and higher emotion, as the law of gravitation is in the material world, woman is seen to be man's ministering angel and sweet inspirer.

Properly understood, the symmetrical and captivating beauty of woman is but an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace which derives its efficacy from the existence of a womanly intellectual and spiritual principle underlying man's nigher life and nobler possibilities. Perhaps the obviousness of this truth does not appear on the surface. But a little reflection will very soon convince us that as in nature all external appearances are indications of internal qualities corresponding in character to the language of expression which nature uses, so in woman the fineness of her organization, the sensitiveness of her nature, and the intuitive quickness of her perceptive powers are all so many indications of certain underlying mental and spiritual qualities which cannot be too thoroughly appreciated. In woman, as in nature, all natural motion is beauty in action, and as natural motion implies the unrestricted development of woman's natural faculties, it requires no lengthy argument to prove that restriction and suppression are unjust and injurious. Given an oppor-

tunity, woman will very soon show us how true it is that

"There are buds that fold within them  
Closed and covered from our sight;  
Many a richly tinted petal,  
Never looked on by the light."

Remove arbitrary and unwise limitations, and we shall very soon see how little there is in the hackneyed argument based on the supposed disadvantages of woman's emotional and nervous temperament. While it is true that woman is more emotional than man, and possesses in a larger degree the nervous force which produces excitability, it does not follow that she is therefore unfit for the serious business of life. For it must be remembered that this emotional and nervous force, against which so much is said, is really an excellent thing if properly directed.

The only difficulty at present is that this nervous force is wasted in the wrong direction, and woman inclines to "a peculiar neurotic condition called the hysterical," because she is not encouraged to cultivate that intellectual equilibrium which counteracts the explosive tendency. Have been treated for centuries as if she required no stronger diet than the flimsy superficialities of life, it is not to be wondered at if she exhibits this neurotic condition in a marked degree. Indeed, when we consider how great have been the disadvantages under which woman has labored, and how restricted have been her opportunities, the only wonder is that she is not even more fully a creature of superficiality and unhealthy nervous excitement.

By a strange inconsistency and perversity of reasoning we ignore the most important qualifications of a noble woman, and are content to see the sex to which God has given the sacred function of potential motherhood, simply instances of "arrested development." Strangely enough we continue to regard woman merely as an overgrown child, and in our shallowness of estimate, ignore the important truth that the only school of genuine moral sentiment is society between equals. We have had the morality of submission, and the morality of chivalry and generosity; the time is now come for the morality of justice. Rejecting with disdain the

miserably mean estimate which makes it appear that woman was created man's intellectual inferior, let us so enlarge her sphere, and so increase her opportunities that she can have a fair chance to speak for herself. And we may be assured that if this principle is carried out, the family so constituted would be the real school for the virtues of freedom. Give us wiser and nobler women, and we shall very soon see how rapidly society will become purer and more beautiful, and the foundations of character be more surely and securely laid.

Pausing in the midst of our unreality and hollowness, let us listen to the words of that noble woman, Margaret Fuller, as she enters her eloquent protest against the baseness of the view which holds that woman's business in this world is to love man instinctively and blindly: "It is a vulgar error that love, a love, to woman is her whole existence; she is also born for Truth and Love in their universal energy. Would she but assume her inheritance, Mary would not be the only virgin mother. Not Manzoni alone would celebrate in his wife the virgin mind with the maternal wisdom and conjugal affections. The soul is ever young, ever virgin. . . . Woman thus self-centred would never be absorbed by any relation; it would be only an experience to her as to man." In other words, it is a fundamental error to suppose that woman was created for the purpose of devoting her life to love as love is ordinarily understood. It is, indeed, a law of nature and a wise arrangement of Providence that in woman the emotional element should predominate. But it is the merest absurdity and an insult to our reason to ask us to believe that the emotional element in woman's nature is simply a blind instinct, impelling her to seek marriage as the only purpose for which she was created. There is a sense in which woman does love instinctively, and there is also a sense in which marriage is an essential condition to her happiness and the perfection of her being. But who will deny that woman is most fully woman when her love is glorified by the presence of intellectual beauty, and her emotional nature purified and strengthened by an intelligent appreciation of the vast respon-

sibilities pertaining to the function of potential motherhood.

A profound thinker has said: "No married woman can represent the female world, for she belongs to her husband. The idea of woman must be represented by a virgin." But this view, it will be easily seen, proceeds from a false conception as to what marriage really is, and is but an echo of that estimate in which the relation between the sexes is the outcome of passion, and not the deep, pure love, as when

"The gods approve  
The depth, but not the tumult of the soul,  
A fervent, not ungovernable love."

Correctly appreciated, therefore, woman was sent into this world with her bridal dower of love, not, as we often think, that she should love man ignorantly and blindly simply because he is man, but that she should develop intellectually as she grows emotionally, until, at last, the unlikeness which attracts shall become merged in the likeness which retains, and in the equality which commands mutual respect and confidence. Indeed, to a man who thinks, there is nothing more touchingly beautiful, or more beautifully suggestive, than the transition state represented by the blushing bride as she stands nervously at the threshold of her new life, with its possibilities and responsibilities. So beautiful, indeed, is this transition state in woman's life, and so full of meaning are the conditions which render it possible, that one cannot refrain from quoting the words of an eminent German poet on the subject: "Certainly, a wisely and purely educated maiden is so poetic a flower of this dull world, that the sight of this glorious blossom hanging, some years after the honeymoon, with yellow, faded leaves, in unwatered beds, must grieve any man who beholds it with a poet's eye, and who must, consequently, in sorrow over the common usefulness and servitude of merely human life, over the difference between the virgin and the matron, utter the deadliest wishes; yes, I say, he would rather send the virgin, with her wreath of rosebuds, her tenderness, her ignorance of the sufferings of life, her dream-pictures of holy Eden, into the graveyard of earth, which is God's field, than into the waste places of life. Yet, do it not,

poet; the virgin becomes a mother, and again gives birth to the youth and the Eden which have fled from her; and to the mother herself they return, fairer than before. And so let it be as it is."

In this passage it will be seen how thoroughly the poet seizes upon the beauty as well as the deeper meaning of the mystery, and how tenderly and truly he expresses that which makes woman what she essentially is. The solution of the mystery is beyond; it grows with our growth; it expands with our experience; and, as it stretches out far into the horizon which separates the present from the future, we somehow feel that the sanctity of marriage and the beauty of "the eternal womanly" will gradually be more and more recognized as the world grows wiser and better.

What will be the exact status of woman in the future no one can pretend to say. There are indications that we are approaching a time when we shall witness very important changes, and there are also indications that point to the conservatism of earlier days. To determine at present which is most likely to prevail would, however, be nothing more than conjecture. The stronger and more distinctly progressive forces are certainly in favor of emancipating woman, and giving to her the same advantages as man without regard to sex. But just how far these forces will go, and how they will ultimately adjust the question of woman suffrage, will depend so largely upon conditions which at present only exist potentially, that it is impossible to make any estimate which is not liable to be completely set aside by certain contingencies which we cannot foresee, but which are nevertheless sure to arise. The development of any idea in society is, as we are aware, a matter of very uncertain growth, and is quite as likely to be retarded by adverse circumstances as to be facilitated by conditions which are favorable. In many instances the most promising conditions have produced retrogression rather than progression; and, again, in other instances where we would naturally have expected degeneracy to follow the gain of the lower upon the higher, the reverse has proved

true. And so it is that, while there are unquestionably certain laws governing the progress of the human race, quite as truly as there are laws governing the movements of the planets and the phenomena of nature, we, from our present standpoint, are unable to discover what these laws are, and what are the reliable criteria by which to estimate the probabilities of the future. At times the antagonizing tendencies bring the progressive to a standstill; and at other times the progressive tendencies move on without meeting with much resistance. And yet, even with this element of uncertainty before us, it cannot be denied that the earnest efforts which have been made, and continue to be made, to emancipate woman from her trammels and enlarge her sphere, are decidedly conducive to the best interests of society.

Perhaps it is natural that, in the ordinary mind, the idea should be strongly rooted, that the estimate of woman which has grown out of experience is practically the wisest and best. But it never seems to occur to those who hold this view that experience ceases to be useful when it refuses to learn anything more. The truth is, in the evolution of society as in the development of individuals, we grow wise by learning to unlearn to-day what yesterday we regarded as the greatest wisdom. The wiser we are, the more clearly will we see that there are opposing necessities in human life through which we must necessarily pass to the development of our powers and in the fulfillment of our destiny. In point of fact, there is a constant and irrepressible conflict between man's higher and lower nature, and only as we conquer through discipline and the cultivation of a healthy equilibrium is society safe against those outbursts of passion which, if unchecked, would very soon sweep all purity from the earth. The importance of understanding this antagonism in our nature, and therefore in society, is well impressed by Pascal, when he says: "It is dangerous to make man see too clearly how nearly equal he is to the brutes without showing him his greatness. It is also dangerous to make him see too clearly his greatness without his baseness. It is still more dangerous to leave him in ignorance of

both. But it is very advantageous to represent to him both."

And so we witness all through human life a perpetual conflict between morality and nature. Morality exacts what nature opposes; and nature demands what morality cannot concede. The complications of civilized life become thus more complicated, and we are sometimes at a loss to decide whether it is likely that the claims of morality will in the end prove strong enough to suppress the lower propensities of nature.

For it must be remembered that the tenure by which we hold our present exalted position is by no means assured against future contingencies. This is not the first age of the world in which man has reached a high position intellectually, nor is it the only one in which independence of opinion, accompanied by robustness of intellect, has threatened to uproot prejudice and destroy error. This century has, indeed, been a very remarkable one, and is full of promise. Never before has science accomplished so much, and never before have invention and discovery armed mankind with so many weapons of usefulness, possible only under a very highly civilized condition. And yet, with all these grand scientific achievements, and with all our intellectual liberty and vigor, it is well for us to remember that one of the causes which swept the civilizations of the past into oblivion was the absence of those qualities of purity and moral healthfulness which are inseparably connected with a proper appreciation of woman, and an intelligent recognition of her immense value as a social regenerative force. It would indeed be a sorry day for the world should woman cease to be the gentle, sensitive, and affectionate being which we are accustomed to consider her. But in the wise ordering of an enlarged sphere of usefulness for her there is nothing to prevent her from being still the interpreter of those deep and tender feelings which lie nearest to the great heart of humanity. By enlarging her sphere, and in increasing her means of usefulness, we do not in any way unsex her or render her unfit for the most important function which Nature has assigned to her. We simply add to society a new moral force which cannot be otherwise than beneficial, and we elevate the conditions

governing the relationship between the sexes.

We strike at the root of certain barbarisms which men have clung to for ages; not because they were ever sanctioned by even a show of reason, but because selfishness and undisciplined phases of feeling have been allowed to usurp the place of common sense and dispassionate reasoning. But in our endeavor to expose the fallacy of that view which substitutes apotheosis of instinct for that of reason, we must not forget that the world moves slowly as to important social and ethical changes, and that it would be unwise to suddenly revolutionize our existing social customs and prejudices. What cannot be prudently done in a hurry can, however, be safely accomplished gradually, and with due regard to the static forces of society. And thus it is, that in all our ideas of woman's advancement, we cannot, with safety, overlook the all-important fact of her potential motherhood and the conditions which such potentiality renders necessary. Whatever our views may be as to the probable result of woman's future development, there can be no doubt about the supreme importance of her maternal instinct; and any theory of social reform which omits it, is beyond question inevitably doomed to failure. But a moment's consideration is enough to show us that the existence of this sacred feeling toward maternity is but an imperfect condition, unless it is accompanied by an absolute equality in marriage and a full recognition of woman's true dignity as the incarnation of a pure and beautiful ideal which elevates and purifies the life of man.

And this brings us to a realization of the fact that the refinement of modern civilization is largely due to the gradual emancipation of woman, which has been going on since the advent of Christianity. On this point we cannot dwell too forcibly, as it is a significant appeal for a still further extension of those refining forces which have already done so much. The ideal of female morality was, it is true, placed as high among the Jews, Greeks and Romans as among the Christians. But with the introduction of Christianity a new place seems to have been accorded

to the distinctly female virtues, and the world has gained, in proportion as the ideas of female excellence and purity have risen in the scale of social and domestic virtues.

As I have already said, woman was regarded by some of the Fathers as the embodiment of evil. But this did not arrest the growth of that healthy sentiment to which we owe so much of our present grace and refinement of life, and in the larger growth of which civilization can be still further civilized. It was a remark of Winckelmann that "the supreme beauty of Greek art is rather male than female." And the justice of this remark seems to be fully corroborated by the distinctly masculine type which expresses itself so fully in the Phidian period. And this, perhaps, also explains why Greece, which was so fertile in great men, was so remarkably barren of great women. Even in Roman civilization, which is justly proud of its Vestal Virgins, the Flamens of Jupiter, the Mother of the Gracchi repressing her grief when her children were being sacrificed, the majestic courage of a Porcia or an Arria, and the noble heroism of Mallonia, we find that the women who were greatest were those who partook most fully of the masculine virtues. They live in history because they emancipated themselves from the ordinary frailties of their sex, and displayed an heroic fortitude worthy of the strongest and the bravest men.

Not so, however, with the essentially feminine type of Christianity, which finds its natural expression in the ideal of tenderness and pure emotion represented by the Virgin Mary. For, whatever may be our opinion as to the theological soundness of the Roman Catholic veneration for the Virgin, there can be no doubt that the elevation of this womanly ideal has profoundly influenced the course of civilization. In other ages of the world great respect has been paid to the idea of perpetual virginity, but in the Catholic reverence for the Virgin Mary a redeeming and ennobling element has been supplied which throws a halo around the name of woman, and lifts us into a higher sphere of emotion. Of course, the woman of the future cannot be molded entirely in accordance with the saintly ideal

of the Roman Catholic Church. But it must be conceded that the exalted conception which has enabled this beautiful ideal to traverse the ages unobscured by the clouds of earth is of very great value to us in estimating the quality of woman's influence. If it does no more, it plainly shows how important has been the change produced by Christianity; and it also shows how closely related are the advancement of Christianity and the emancipation of woman.

In a measure the two conditions are interdependent. Although Protestantism inclines toward the supremacy of the masculine virtues, the true Christian ideal seems to consist rather in the magnetic force of sympathy and tenderness, as expressed in that Virgin Mother who has done so much toward humanizing and softening the world. Profoundly true is it that the world is governed by its ideals, and seldom or ever has there been one which has exercised a more profound and, on the whole, a more salutary influence than the mediæval conception of the Virgin. For the first time woman was elevated to her rightful position, and the sanctity of weakness was recognized as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave or toy of man, no longer associated only with ideas of degradation and sensuality, woman rose, in the person of the Virgin Mother, into a new sphere, and became the object of a reverential homage of which antiquity had no conception. Love was idealized, and the moral charm and beauty of female excellence was for the first time felt. A new type of character was called into being; a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh and ignorant and benighted age this ideal type infused a conception of gentleness and of purity unknown to the proudest civilizations of the past. All that was best in Europe clustered around it, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization. The old Egyptian conception of Night, the mother of day and of all things, with the diadem of stars; Isis, the sister of Osiris or the Saviour; Latona, the mother of Jupiter; Flora, the bright goddess of returning spring, to whom was once dedicated the month of May, which is now dedicated to the Virgin; Cybele, the mother of the gods,



whose feast was celebrated on what is now Lady-day, were all more or less connected with the new ideal.

Thus the idea of womanly tenderness and purity, traveling through the ages like a wandering star, at last becomes focalized in the Virgin Mary, and a new force is introduced into the civilization of the world. The beauty of the ideal may not possess sufficient power to enable us to deal adequately with the complex problems of modern life. But it certainly is an important subject in the history of woman, and, as such, enters very largely into an intelligent and exhaustive discussion of woman's value as an aid to civilization and progress.

But if the intellectual and emotional side of the subject is of such importance, we must not forget that the industrial and practical side also demands our attention, and is in fact closely related to the deeper questions of political economy. Full of important consequences and momentous issues, the question of woman's industrial value presses upon us with an urgency which it would be suicidal to ignore. Indeed it is not an exaggeration to claim that as political economy approaches nearer to a science in which prevision of tendencies shall be a common occurrence, it will more and more realize that the world owes woman a living, quite as much as it owes one to man. As society is now constituted, it is utterly impossible for every woman to have a good husband to take care of her, and, therefore, where women are compelled to support themselves, it is manifestly unjust and unwise to reduce to a mere minimum their opportunities for earning their own living. They must either work or starve, unless they are willing to sink themselves in the degradation of vice. And all this, too, in the face of difficulties which place them at a serious disadvantage in the battle of life. On the one hand, necessity pushes woman forward and compels her to seek employment. On the other hand, the world underestimates her value because she is a woman, and in many instances is willing to pay her starvation prices only, when a man, for doing the same work, would get tolerably well paid. In consequence of her sex, the iron grip of poverty does not relax its hold one particle, nor are the demands of civilized life less strin-

gent because she is a woman. And yet, notwithstanding her necessities, and the absolute importance of rendering every member of society, without regard to sex, self-supporting, she is compelled in many instances to grind out her existence in working for a paltry pittance, while the ignorant male laborer receives enough to allow him to gratify his manly propensity for bad whiskey, tobacco and beer. By some inexplicable method of perverted reasoning the fact of woman's sex depreciates her value, and she is in this way made an easy victim to those dangerous forms of temptation which assail her through the weakness of her poverty and her consequently enfeebled power of moral resistance.

This is not the place to inquire into the conditions which have produced those unhappy creatures who in all ages have symbolized man's debasing sensuality. But it is the place to point out that an improved estimate of woman's moral and industrial value will almost certainly reduce the number of those unfortunates, whose miserable existence fills us with shame and causes us deeply to regret that woman, in her weakness, should be thus blasted for the sins of society. In the Greek civilization, legislators and moralists endeavored to meet this evil by the open recognition of two distinct orders of womanhood: the wife, whose first duty was fidelity to her husband, and the *hætera*, who subsisted by her fugitive attachments. In our civilization the only proper course is to candidly recognize that our estimate of woman's usefulness is necessarily the measure of our appreciation of her virtue and moral beauty. Wiser than the Greeks as to woman's place in civilization, we must carry forward our superior wisdom, and in the spirit of true philosophy and sound common sense remove the barriers which now prevent thousands of women from becoming useful and productive members of society.

To illustrate this more fully it is only necessary to examine the returns of the last census, from which we find that out of a total female population of 24,636,963 only 2,647,157 were in employment; whereas out of a total male population of 25,518,820 there were employed 14,744,942; thus showing an alarming disproportion between the utilized industrial force of the two sexes. Of course,



we must make some allowance for women who are married, and also for women who are independent through the possession of means. But even after we have made due allowance on these grounds, it still remains true that there are very many women who cannot find employment in consequence of the narrow range of female industry. As Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has pertinently narrated in an able essay on this subject :

"The insisting upon any imposed set of functions as constituting the sum and substance of a woman's value, is only an outcome of the barbarism and ignorance which characterize the natural man at his start. In this, the wish is father to the thought. The man desires to find his inferior, and can do this most easily by imposing a position of inferiority upon the party least likely to resist this imposition, the partner and complement of his humanity. Society outgrows more and more this slavish and material way of thinking, which perseveres only in the minds of those who either will not or cannot inform themselves concerning its progress.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The improvement of education among women must needs lead them to entertain worthier ideas of marriage, and to give a more complete assent to the obligations which it involves. If it leads them also to seek and expect a higher standard of merit in the intimate companion of their life, the result can only be most beneficial to humanity. If the improved judgment of a woman shows her that a man whom she might marry is brutish, cruel, averse to reason, and deficient in conscience, she renders a service to the human race by not becoming a party to the transmission of his type.

"There is an insincerity as well as falsity in the statement so often forced upon us, that the function of maternity should be the paramount theme of women's thoughts, and the supreme end of their lives. We have tried to show that, for civilized women, child-bearing is only justifiable under strict conditions of respect, refinement and sympathy. This for the fact, but as for the feeling. Does any man of education desire to link to himself this creature trained to marry the first man who asks her, to bear as many children as possible, and to limit her interests and activities to the sphere of the kitchen, the table, and the wardrobe? Does any man in his senses wish to see this *muliebrous* animal take the place of the women who are the intelligent companions of men, who

appeal to their most chivalrous sentiments, and stimulate their highest capacities?"

And it cannot be denied that the shallowness, injustice, and unreality which this writer protests against so forcibly, are really the cause of much of our social impurity and domestic happiness. In our social life, as in the body economic, it follows inevitably that healthfulness depends upon a proper adjustment of the different forces which are perpetually acting and reacting on each other. In this way we prevent unhealthy excess in any one direction, and by remembering that society is a living organism in which the development of all its parts is a necessity, we realize that the subordination of woman is an evil which cannot be too strongly denounced. It will not do, as John Stuart Mill has pointed out, to "assert, in general terms, that the experience of mankind has pronounced in favor of the existing system." Experience cannot possibly have decided between two courses, so long as there has been experience of one only. If it be said that the doctrine of the equality of the sexes rests only on theory, it must be remembered that the contrary doctrine also has only theory to rest upon. All that is proved in its favor by direct experience is, that mankind have been able to exist under it, and to attain the degree of improvement and prosperity which we now see. But whether that prosperity has been attained sooner, or is now greater than it would have been under the other system, experience does not say. On the other hand, experience does say that every step in improvement has been so invariably accompanied by a step made in raising the social position of women, that historians and philosophers have been led to adopt their elevation or debasement as, on the whole, the surest test and most correct measure of the civilization of a people or an age.

And this is for us the supremely important truth which we cannot keep too clearly before our minds, and on a proper appreciation of which so much of our future welfare depends. Profiting by the experience of other nations, and especially by the low estimate of woman, which at present demoralizes France, and ends in the habitual prevalence of those lawless loves which de-

cency forbids us to allude to more fully, let us learn to value woman, not as she is after centuries of artificial and unhealthy training, but as she is capable of becoming under an enlightened view of her intellectual and moral possibilities. For us, as a people, it is indeed essential that a large and noble estimate of woman should become an integral part of our national consciousness. We are, in an important sense, the torch-bearers of liberty at the present time, and as we absorb and assimilate the people of all nations, we shall be false to our trust if we do not see to it that our civilization is permeated and controlled by an intelligent appreciation of woman as a healthy moral force. Looking back to the past, we easily see that woman has passed through various stages which have always faithfully reflected the civilization of the time. Looking forward into the future, it is as easy to see that the same conditions will prevail; and, in obedience to a general law, the life of this young and beautiful republic will necessarily depend in a very large measure upon the character and position of its women. A commonwealth, says Cicero, ought to be immortal, and forever to renew its youth. And if this is ever to be illustrated in the movement of our national life, it is as clear as the noonday sun that it can only be accomplished by our following the laws of justice, virtue, and moral beauty. The life of a nation, like the life of a man, may be prolonged in honor into the fullness of time, or it may perish prematurely for want of guidance, or from disease preying upon its vital powers. If we are wise, we will see to it that the moral element in our national life is not diminished by our blind adherence to theories, which deny to woman her inalienable right of unrestricted development, accompanied by a proper appreciation of her dignity as man's ministering angel and the refiner of society.

We are, it is to be hoped, entering into an order of things in which justice will again be the primary virtue. And as we endeavor to anticipate the consequences which are likely to follow, one thing stands out pre-eminently clear amid the mists of doubt and uncertainty. This fact consists in the absolute certainty with which

an inexorable law connects progress and the elevation of woman. It is in the very nature of things that the two conditions should be interdependent. And any attempt to deny the supreme importance of woman's higher development and larger usefulness is an impediment to our advancement, and is a retrogressive rather than a progressive movement. On the other hand, by recognizing woman's higher claims, we place ourselves in harmony with the demands of reason, and move forward, ever resistlessly advancing, and measuring our steps to the music of a hopeful consciousness of strength and a healthy morality. We may depend upon it, the question of woman's intellectual, moral and industrial value is not one to be evaded with impunity. Escape from it we cannot; and it therefore behooves us to throw all our energy and intelligence into a problem which is of such vital importance. For we must remember that the life of society, like the life of the individual, is of a mixed nature. In part we are governed by the impulses of ourselves and others; in part we are under the inexorable dominion of law. As time wears on, and we become more familiar with the logic of events and the regular sequence of cause and effect, we gradually learn that the majesty of the moral law compels our recognition; and we also discover that the discipline and restraints of social life are legitimately on the side of virtue.

Human society cannot be permanently maintained without the existence of a healthy moral element. And as this moral element cannot be maintained without a proper appreciation of woman's sphere and usefulness, it is obvious that we cannot too thoroughly realize our responsibilities in this direction. There seems to be in man a deeply-seated tendency toward improvement. But without a proper appreciation and elevation of woman no society can be morally sound or healthily progressive. At first sight, this lesson seems such an easy one, that we may suppose we have already learned it. But let us not deceive ourselves. We have never looked at the question in the spirit of earnestness and candor to which it is entitled. And until we do, we cannot pretend to the discharge of our duty as intelligent and responsible beings. It is easy

enough to dismiss the subject as one which interests only dreamers and would-be reformers. But the stern realities of life are not to be evaded in this way with impunity, nor is the readjustment of one of the deepest social questions to be dismissed as though it were a small matter of no practical value. What woman is, we may truly say, is largely the measure of what civilization is. Nor will the moral regen-

eration of mankind really commence, until the most fundamental of the social relations is placed under the rule of equal justice. And when human beings learn to cultivate their strongest sympathy with an equal in rights and in cultivation, then, but not until then, will Astræa return to earth, and humanity enter into a realization of its Golden Age.

HENRY C. PEDDER.

---

### JUST FOR AN INSTANT.

---

Just for an instant your earnest eyes  
 Looked from the depths of your soul to mine,  
 And then you grew suddenly cold and wise,  
 And carelessly said that the day was fine.

The day was fine, and the wind was fair,  
 And the May sun shone on the glittering sea,  
 And you bade me good-bye with a careless air,  
 And smilingly turned away from me.

And back you went to your eager life,  
 Where men traffic and struggle and count their gain,  
 To strive with the rest in the thick of the strife,  
 Heedless of pleasure and reckless of pain.

And they think that they know you—all those men—  
 Who struggle with you for credit and gold ;  
 While still there is always beyond their ken  
 The story that only your eyes have told.

Only your eyes, in a single ray,  
 That flashed the truth from your soul to mine,  
 Just for an instant, then turned away,  
 And left me alone in the May sunshine.

Perhaps I shall never see you again  
 Till both of us stand at the far-off goal,  
 Where Life shall triumph, since Death is slain,  
 And soul makes answer to earnest soul.

Yet I shall *know* you, your whole life through,  
 Once having seen your soul in your eyes,  
 When the May sun shone and the May wind blew,  
 And we parted under the watching skies.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

## POMPEI, PAST AND PRESENT.

"What wonder this! What story lay concealed!  
Did Romans old, beneath the lava dwell?  
Returns their Past, opening the long-closed doors?"

—SCHILLER.

IF we could follow a line of latitude from New York City straight east around this globe, we should run through lately-shaken Ischia, dash across the Bay of Naples and bring up facing old Pompei. On the ocean we should not encounter one island; we should go straight across Portugal, pass within sight of Madrid, skim over the Mediterranean, cross the Island of Sardinia, perhaps steer between islet Procida and more famous Ischia, sail over the "Enchanted Bay," and land very near our destination; sufficiently near, for we must take board outside of the ancient city. Both New York and Pompei are just below forty-one degrees north.

Pompei has excellent taverns and bakeries, as we shall see; but they have not done any business since A. D. 79. They closed them hastily, and became a substratum of vineyards and other agricultural operations, until about one hundred and thirty-five years ago, when modern proprietors reopened, but have not refurnished. However, we can find fifteen loaves of the last baking on a shelf in the Naples Museum, and an abundance of provisions—vegetables, fruits, fish in fine condition, nuts and olives; but for eggs, the empty and broken shells! Emblematical to the last art thou, Pompei!

As only thought can travel on the short route of lines of latitude, our most direct way there, and more interesting and almost as short, is to sail from New York to the Strait of Gibraltar, three thousand and two hundred miles nearly due east; for the mouth of the Mediterranean is scarcely as far south as Cape Hatteras. In these days of multiplied steamer lines we have two or three companies to choose from. We go quite below the extreme southern limit of icebergs, we sail through

the mystic drift of marine weed that is ever floating upon that part of the Atlantic, we sorrowfully slight the Azore Islands, almost within sight on the north, we reconnoitre Gibraltar, explore eleven hundred miles of the Mediterranean Sea, and two and a half weeks after leaving New York, we anchor in the bay that has Vesuvius for a lighthouse, and on whose lava shores stand buried Herculaneum and half-revealed Pompei.

And before we present ourselves at the gate of the city which we have come over to study, let us look around us and think a moment; for the scene belongs to—it is a part of the tragedy of Pompei. It was a portion of the Pompeian's daily and hourly life; for they lived much in their open forum and on slightly porticoes. And these sloping shores were as good for range of view as the gradually descending floor of a theatre.

Is there elsewhere on earth a populous site so picturesque as this circular shore of cities—thirty-five miles of curve, and every part of it in view at all parts. The circuit of the Neapolitan bay is fifty-two miles if we count from the islands of Capri and Ischia, which are, in fact, the outlying and terminal points of the bay; fifteen to twenty miles apart.

The dominating feature is the lofty mountain, which by its shape, and unmistakably by its smoking and flaring top, announces itself the volcano. Vesuvius is centrally situated, as it should be, for the symmetry of the picture, about midway on the great curve; and is made yet more effective by level lands on each side. On the north the shore ascends again to mountain peaks, with a great city on their declivity and spread around their base. Opposite, forming the southerly termination of the bay, stands a precipitous promontory, stretch-

ing into the sea toward rugged islet Capri, which is a portion of itself, insulated but not detached. Between Vesuvius and the Neapolitan peaks, the Sabato River runs into the bay; and on the other side, between Vesuvius and the promontory, runs the now narrowed Sarno. All around this shore are cities and cities upon cities. Between the Sarno and the volcano stands Pompei.

The bay faces the southwest, which, with the protecting mountains, may account for its mild climate. Pompei is about fifteen miles southeast of Naples, the course of the shore past Vesuvius being northwest or southeast. The highest point of the southern terminal promontory, Mount St. Angelo, five thousand feet high, is directly opposite Pompei. Once the waves of the bay dashed their spray on the Pompeian walls. But the volcanic shower which buried Pompei, and changed the broad, deep mouth of the Sarno, where formerly ships could sail, into the limit of a large creek, also moved the coast, perhaps a mile away from "the sea-gate" of Pompei, which was a part of the wall.

A castellated islet, "Revigliano," not far from the shore nearest Pompei, is a feature of interest in the view, furnishing the charm of its mediæval castle, whose appearance conveys the idea of having sheltered some romantic story of war or love that nobody has ever told, so far as I know.

The southern promontory, with its Capri, a long, bold offshoot of the old limestone Apennines, is the only one of all the embellishing mountains that is not fiery or lava-made. Yonder hill on the sea, one of the noticeable points from Pompei, is Ischia. Before Vesuvius reopened its very ancient fire, Ischia was the lighthouse of the Bay of Beautiful Cities—Stabia, Pompei, Herculaneum and Puteoli; for Naples is built upon lava slopes. Puteoli (now Pozzuoli) is in the midst of the "Scorched Plains" of the ancients, and Vesuvius is the reopened crater of a very old and larger cone, a portion of which still encircles Vesuvius on the side farthest from the sea. As the traveler coming from Rome by railroad first catches a view of Vesuvius, the appearance is that of two mountains. One is "Somma," the modern

name of what is left of the old cone. The space making the appearance of two is where that old volcano fell in when its fire died down, and Vesuvius, as we know it, is a smaller mount which reared itself within, by means of its own ashes, at the rekindling of the fire.

When the Pompeians looked from their elevated Forum—as slightly a place now, and lacking little but the pillared porticoes that surrounded it—they saw, on their near northwest, a pleasantly accessible mountain, cattle grazing on its beautiful meadows, which covered all but the summit—that was level, but sterile. The geographer Strabo, who lived before and after "Anno Domini," said: "The summit has an appearance like ashes; and it shows rugged rocks of sooty consistency and color, as if they had been formed by fire." And, in the style of a modern scientist, he added: "One might conclude from this that the mountain had once burned and possessed fiery abysses, and had become extinguished when the material was spent; and just from this cause may be its present fertility." Fifty or sixty years afterward there was no doubt about its nature. Its slopes began to tremble; and sixteen years from that time, in the short reign of Titus, A. D. 79, in the most elegant era of Roman civilization, when everything was just freshened and new at Pompei—the serious damage by earthquake being repaired with a liberal appropriation for the purpose by the Roman Senate—just then, with no warning, tragic Nature spread over the whole a wide, deep layer of fertile soil, and, in many instances, without blurring the frescoes or breaking the marble tables, closed the gates that we shall now enter.

Let us go at once to the Forum. It was the lively centre, and is surrounded by public edifices, mostly religious—we might call them churches, for that is what they were. It is a slightly spot, about one hundred and ten feet above sea-level; and thence we shall see the whole grand spectacle, all we have been talking about, all the approaches.

We go in by the "Sea-gate," and while we rapidly ascend—by the best of steps, the old Pompeian steps—we understand how

the sea came near this side of the city, before the fall of a tremendous shower of boiled land, ashes and baked pebbles, and warm water and stewed mud. The first fall was the little clean, light pumice-stones; that is why everything is so nice and uninjured. Then came ashes, and, sifting in, sealed everything up air-tight, I suppose. Hot water and electrified mud were showering around in the air, and lava was running on the ground, but none of these, either early or late in the shower, happened to blow and flow toward Pompei, viz.: the lava which becomes a solid rock when it cools, and which hardens exceedingly by age. It did flow over Herculaneum—the Italians write “Ercole,” “Ercolano,” and “Ercolanese,” instead of Hercules, Herculaneum, and Herculanean—and that is why the uncovering of “Ercolano” is not pursued; being difficult, laborious, and expensive, added to the fact of a populous town over it, owned by persons who would be inconvenienced by having to abandon their homes.

Walking on we begin to understand, also, that Pompei was built—longer ago than history can tell of, ever so long before the time of the Roman empire—on a shelf of lava that was ancient when Pompei was young; which broke off steeply at the shore, and also along the low bottom lands of the old-time Sarno Bay, non-existent now.

The “forum” is the public square. The “piazza” and “plaza” of the towns of modern Italy, Spain and Spanish-America, are the lineal descendants of the ancient forum. Then, as now, especially in the smaller towns, the forum was the civil and municipal family lounging-room, gossiping-place, promenade resort, declamation opportunity, the “City Hall Square.” The public edifices around it were finished elegantly, and were liberally embellished with statuary, generally of a mythological design, illustrating noted occurrences of the long symbolic stories. These edifices were all constructed very openly in the front, making the little forum of the little city—for Pompei was not large—a lovely centre, an architectural, classical *bijou*. Nature aided, as Nature destroyed, or, rather, did not destroy; furiously rob-

bed, appropriated and preserved, for the benefit of the nineteenth century thinker. For after learning what here we can of the details, the art, architecture and special modes of Roman Empire times, we have stored away a skull-bowl full of material for careful thought.

From the Forum Vesuvius seems nearer. Pompei lies around us in an irregular, quaint shape, neither ellipse nor oblong. Its wall has at least six corners; but this curious shape we do not realize, for scarce half the city is yet uncovered. The line of the wall has been traced. It inclosed an area which is more than a mile and a half in circuit. The wall was not carefully maintained in the last and peaceful years of Pompei. On the sea and Sarno side some of it was even built over, when the Pompeians had become happily reconciled to a close union with their real conqueror, the Roman State. A reason of this cheerful blending may have been the fact that wealthy Romans came in, and made improvements of public benefit.

The wall was double, literally “the walls.” The outer was twenty-five feet high, and more, according to the inequalities of the ground; the inner wall was thirty to forty feet high, and had flights of steps, affording an opportunity for the inhabitants to ascend and delightfully promenade. Between these walls the fifteen feet space was filled up with earth, making a most solid and thick structure.

Towers, some stories high, were built on the wall at irregular intervals, and nearer together, near the great gates, where there was more need of watchfulness.

The walls declare the long existence of Pompei. The different mode and material of their construction take us into the various eras of masonry. Lowest and oldest, the massive blocks of volcanic rock, in horizontal courses, without cement, tell of that unwritten historic people who built in Italy, Syria and elsewhere, whose “Pelagic” architecture is incapable of ruin, except by the shattering forces of Nature. We know that they built whatever they constructed in a gigantic way; they used ponderous stones. Everything they handled was mighty. Of that race were the earliest Pompeians. And if we



more than glance at Pompei, if even we make one thoroughly observing promenade, we shall see that ancient work.

The upper strata are more after Greek methods; and the towers, with their archways and sentinal posts, are more recent than the walls; the towers all more or less in ruin, especially on the outer side. Dictator and General Sulla probably dismantled them at the close of the "Social War," *i. e.*, the rebellious war of the neighboring peoples against the Roman government, which finished by the provinces getting all the privileges they asked for.

In the affluent era which followed, when Romans took kindly to the beautiful site and abounding attractions of the ancient "Oscan," Samnite, and still more Greek city of Pompei, there were a hundred years and more of undisturbed tranquillity—a hundred and fifty years of the Latin capital's fashionable influence, before Vesuvius took Pompei from Old Rome, carefully hoarded the buried treasure, and in due time gave her to Young Rome.

It was fashionable then in Italy to be Greek; to be able to speak Greek; to have Greek painters; to read Greek classics. And Pompei was unaffectedly and pre-eminently a Greek town by colonial origin, or rather one of its origins. For it had a multiplied derivation, like the spreading ramifications of an ancestral tree.

A gate in the walls met each main road leading into Pompei. These eight gates were named, each after the chief place where the road led:—the Sea gate, the Ercolaneum gate, the Vesuvian gate, the Nocera gate, and the Stabian gate. The cities were on, or near, the slope of Vesuvius, just where still they stand; Ercolaneum and Stabia beneath towns of other names. Stabia was opposite Pompei, in full view, just the other side of the Sarno, at the foot of Mount St. Angelo. The traveler's favorite, Castellamare, is built partly over Stabia's volcanic sepulchre.

The more we know, through Pompei, of ancient life, the more we recognize in its surrounding towns the regular, unbroken descent of life's inheritance of modes, architecture, worship, everything; a line, how-

ever, which broke in crossing the ocean, being invisible in America, where we seem to have no connection with any progenitors.

The Pompeian Forum is more than five hundred feet long, by one hundred feet, and more broad; on three sides, a surrounding colonnade, twenty-five to forty-five feet wide, two-storied, and roofed; the columns of the upper passage Ionic, and the lower Doric, and with some beautiful frescoes. That is what it was to have been. The storied colonnade was unfinished when Pompei was overwhelmed. Six streets converge at the forum. Pillars protected it from trespassers, and it could be shut off entirely by gates. It has many basements for statues, some bearing inscriptions, honoring illustrious persons of the period.

Forming the north end of the Forum stands the Temple of Jupiter, on each side of it a triumphal arch. The temple has a high basement, approached by steps; it has columns and a shrine, is about one hundred and twenty feet long; and when we go up the steps to the high pedestal which bore the statue of the "king of gods and men," we are stopped there a moment by the beauty of the panorama.

The Temple of Venus, west of the Forum, ancient, and restored after the earthquake, was the most magnificent and spacious of all the temples of Pompei; Venus Aphrodite being the city's own divinity, its slightly more than modern "patron saint," like St. Genevieve of Paris, St. Patrick of Ireland, or St. George of England. This pagan cathedral stands in a court which had a pillared portico, the temple several feet higher than the court, and in front of the steps an altar, where we can see marks of its use for burnt-offerings. The temple has other, smaller altars, and a shrine. The statue of the goddess stood on a high pedestal. The temple had its colonnade, and the open front had columns. Rooms for priestesses adjoin the court.

Near by, with open front, facing the Forum is the "Basilica," which really was the court-house, two hundred and twenty feet long by over eighty broad. At the far end is the elevated seat for the judge; a columned passage ran around the interior by

the wall. This edifice had a roof, as a luxury; a colonnade it could not fail of having. Pompeians were fond of the open sky, but they often used awnings. Below the Basilica, in fact under the judge's seat, are the cells of the prisoners. Adjacent to this edifice are semicircular offices, built of brick, and once covered with marble, probably minor courts. The great number of coins found in one of them has suggested that it was the town treasury office.

Another temple and we leave the forum, passing out through a triumphal arch, lofty, of course. In this temple's spacious area centrally stand the pedestals for the statues of six gods and six goddesses; the edifice is therefore often named as the "Pantheon." These deities, or names for ideas—there is a long story involved in mythological idolatry—are Jupiter, Mars, Neptune, Apollo, Mercury and Vulcan; Juno, Vesta, Minerva, Ceres, Venus and Diana.

In the centre of the dodecagon formed by the pedestals, stands the altar. Wide entrances were on three sides. The open forum front has marble columns and statues. Extensive ante-rooms have niches for statues. Pictured walls told the old stories of Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf, Ulysses in disguise meeting Penelope, the goddess Latona and her children, cupids making bread and donkeys grinding corn; and, finally, as an English male writer expressed it, "the female painter herself, with her palette and brushes in her hand." This is but a sample of the myths in lively colors and graceful attitudes which figure on the walls of the houses, both private and public. "Fable laughed and sung, arranging Truth in flowers."

An early method used by the management of the excavation was carefully to remove to the Neapolitan Museum so much of the stuccoed wall as contained the complete picture, for its better preservation. A thousand bronze coins were found here, and from the quantity of fish-bones and fragments of food in a drain belonging to the edifice, we might infer that its use combined religion and banqueting.

All these designs, pillars and pictures, in all these buildings, are not now standing,

unfractured and unfaded. The most precious objects, capable of transfer, have long been treasured in the National Museum, at Naples. Damage was wrought by repeated earthquakes, repairs were incomplete—the great catastrophe came, robbers and owners attempted to exhume valuables—and notwithstanding all, we walk through a lifelike city, with all the outlines and indications, and, its innumerable perfect details remaining and before our eyes, instantly to be identified.

A Roman artist, Cavaliere A. Scifoni, is eminent for embodying the spirit of Pompeian life in the Augustan era. In the large paintings from which these four pictures are made, the grace of the Campanian maiden is as conspicuous as is the gay mood of the people. Nothing but the combination is invented from fancy; every detail belongs to the pictures that, after leaving Pompei, one's memory may draw, while it is for the genius of the artist to combine and actualize. Mr. Scifoni is a native of Italy, is thirty to thirty-five years of age, and has a studio in Rome, which it is a privilege to enter. He writes and speaks the English language like his own, is a genial gentleman and an artist of marked and superior ability. His subjects are generally classic ideals, and he has made a thorough study of Pompei. His pictures are magnificently worked up, his details historically accurate, and his attitudes pre-eminently graceful. That the photographs taken from his paintings appear as though they were taken from living figures, proves his vigorous conceptions. Scifoni's brush is a treasure-worker.

The garden scene of pagan Pompei was in the umbrageous grounds of one of those grand suburban villas that have been found to exist along the streets leading from the great gates. In the dense foliage of the garden appear a dancing maiden, a music player reclining on the ground, a sculpture, and before it a pot of burning incense. There was a religious character in all these gaieties—a religious service which modern habits of feeling and modes of life and worship do not assist us to immediately perceive. The bust is a familiar object to mythological and artistic connoisseurs, as one form of the god Pan. And in sculptured



WORSHIPPING PAN IN POMPEI

From a painting by Cavaliere A. Scifoni.

marble it is remembered by every visitor, who has become familiar with the mansions and relics of Pompei.

Pan impersonated the universal All; he was the body, not the soul, of all; that was Psyche. His worship represented time, space and motion, and was always triple. The personalities of this picture are three—priestess, attendant and god—in symbol. The priestess wears a dress in three sections, a necklace of three strands, and there are three bands on her hair, if we could see them all. The trimming at the edge of her robe is in three stripes. The vase is triple in form. The worship itself is threefold, illustrating space, time and motion; time, by the music; movement, by the dance, and space, including all. The "idoltrous" marbles are three: statue, pedestal and foundation. The flowers are triply placed: flowers scattered, flowers on the vase, and flowers wreathed around the god. Bust and pedestal are movable; the foundation is probably an altar, and is a fixture, remaining in the garden, and finely sculptured. The pedestal and the statue, about two and a half feet high, commonly stood in the

VOL. III.—No. 1.—71.

house. On a special occasion they were brought out, and placed upon the altar, and the incense was lighted. The loose flowers are, therefore, scattered before and upon a part of the altar, on which the incense burns and the perfumed smoke ascends. The cap worn by the attendant is required to be "without seam or a knot;" consequently, it was probably a knit cap. Perhaps, from that old religion comes the similar seamless cap which the fishermen of that locality wear to-day. The Old Testament mentions the "hem of the robe" of the priests as triple.

Pan had many forms; but this of "the terminal bust" was the domestic form, being convenient for movable worship. In the temples Pan always had a complete shape, with goat's feet. Pan, like all the Roman deities, was served by both priests and priestesses. Peculiarly appropriate was the officiation of the priestess in domestic worship. Of course, there might be many persons looking on not necessary to be introduced in a typical picture. Pan's annual festival was observed in February. The name applied

to his worship was the "Lupercalia." It meant the Sacred Wolf that nursed Romulus and Remus.

The portrait painter, with a saucer of paints in his hand, stands before his easel, looking at his subject. She whiles away the sitting by joining in the employment of her companions, who are making garlands, probably to wreath the statues of the gods and goddesses. Flower-growing, undoubtedly, received much attention in Pompei; and then, as now, there was rivalry, whose bush should be the richest bloomer, whose court the more charming, and whose have the more delicate fragrance. Life was a gay and flowery existence at the last period of Pompei, we are compelled to believe. There is not yet discovered, and it is marveled at, a trace of any extremely poor class. As far as known, the misery of poverty had no place within those double walls.

A domestic scene, the interior court, illustrates how time passed in the ladies' department of a Pompeian residence. A balcony incloses the part of the court where are the plants, a fountain of running water, and probably a small pool into which the fountain pours. This particular fountain is a noted relic at Pompei. A maiden smilingly holds out the time-marking knucklebones, challenging another to dance, or playfully showing how many she has on the back of her hand. The large earrings were then fashionable, for many such are found in the reopened ancient boudoirs, and are laid away to be inspected in the Neapolitan Museum. These ladies are in the midst of the climbing vines, the various living plants and flowers that abounded in the Pompeian dwelling.

The street scene shows that the Neapolitans are by lineal birthright buoyant and ingenious. A street performer stands on his head and shoots at a mark with his feet. What more can we ask for?

A favorite Romano-American sculptor's most ideal work, popular and remunerative, is Nydia, the Blind Girl, in "The Last Days of Pompei," as told by Bulwer Lytton. How industriously that novelist studied, how many hours, how many walks, how many notes he made at the moment, is realized when on the spot we read that

book and find its smallest details and largest statements are literal and genuine, pictorially and historically.

Randolph Rogers has repeated his marble Nydia more than two hundred times, and avows that until he had a house of his own, Nydia paid his rent.

An excellent preparation for seeing Rome intelligently is a few weeks at Pompei. And to possess a comprehensive and special understanding of the Roman empire, is to have, of a large part of Europe, a basic historical knowledge. In place of "application" to study, the natural student learns spontaneously at Pompei. We have the classics all about us. The ponderous dictionary, leather-bound and worm-eaten Lempiere, and better, Anthon's last edition, are here in pictures. We have only to learn the meaning of what we see. We should be fortified with the explanatory books, the several volumes which would make the undergraduate's bundle, on leaving home for the quarter—the *semestre*, the term which would be paid for and staid through. Pay for and stay it through here; where the lessons are in so engaging a form—the reality, the fascinating presence. Only within a century has all this been opened to the intelligence of English nations. And it has gradually impressed itself only since railroads have existed in Italy, which are a matter of one generation only. A half-day visit—the average time—means a long and rapid walk, a glance, possibly, without grasping the meaning of anything, and coming away, full of incomprehensibility.

A daily walk through Pompei for a whole year, would reveal at every stroll, not only something new, but something important not noticed before. A thousand things that we did not know we should think of, begin to call our notice, and to form their lines of query and inference. We think fast, we think without fatigue, we read the appropriate literature with unwonted pleasure, we realize that the painters, the sculptors and the writers of genius, whose works will be called for as long as Pompei is unrivaled, were veritable students.

There is a vividness in first impressions. A "flying tour" is like the "half a loaf." And as the ground that is ploughed, harrow-



LADIES PLAYING KNUCKLE-BONES IN POMPEI

From a painting by Cavaliere A. Scifoni.

ed and planted will germinate by one hour's sunbeam, so the nature that is ready, whether educated or born ready, will exult in a moment's peep through Eumachia's window, will recognize the invaluable school in this exhumed city, will burn the incense of admiration at her altars and leave his heart in her shrines.

We leave the Forum and follow the streets. They run almost at right angles, and are admirably paved with large polygonal blocks of oldest, hardest lava, whose deep-worn wheel-ruts indicate impressively a long period of use, in precisely the present plan of the city. The chief streets are not twenty-five feet wide, and the others much narrower. They have sidewalks, steps for mounting horses, a hole in the curb to fasten the halter, and at special corners marvelously high stepping-stones form a crossing from one sidewalk to the other. Between them the wagon-wheels had to pass; traces of hoofs are on the stepping-stones.

No Pompeian marvel is more pleasant and curious than the unbroken pavement beneath our feet; and so clean! it really impresses a New Yorker—the same smooth,

dark-brown rocks trod upon by Cicero himself, it is safe to say—for he was very fond of Pompei. Here he owned a villa, and here he wrote his "De Officiis." And when Sylla—Lucius Cornelius Felix Rufinus Sulla or Sylla—dismantled the town of its defences, and settled a garrison in the suburbs to keep the citizens in check, Cicero, bold and able, expostulated with the Roman Senate. This was in the stirring last years before Rome gave up her republican forms.

Pompei presents a lingering trace of the luscious love of art and fable which permeated ancient life in every vein. Most of her decorations were made between the damage of 63 and the destruction of 79, and were in the newest fashion then prevailing in Rome, but less grand, Pompei being comparatively a small provincial city. As Rome paid for the repairs, there was doubtless no lack of money. The learned Reinhard Kekule says that probably there were a few chief painters, with their staffs of assistants, who had pattern-books for the decoration of entire houses, and also for the special pictures; and that they resorted less or more to these patterns, according to their need or fancy.



We may infer and trust that these patterns were remote copies from paintings by old Greek masters. The favorite motives and forms were so familiar to these painters, as to be literally "at their fingers' ends." With incredibly certain and facile hand, and without concerning themselves about method, they flung their graceful glitter over the naked walls; and very captivating is this stirring pattern-picture world, which came obedient to their caprice; the narrow spaces delusively turned into vistas of airy, fantastical forms. And to complete the illusory effect of this mock architecture, graceful figures stand in the midst, or look in from an open window. A secret of their effectiveness is that the pictures were never crowded; there is a sense of ample room, there is a distinctness of idea. A large space often surrounds a small figure, a cupid or a butterfly, or maybe a dancing nymph of life size. Often we see the timbrel held aloft, precisely the same gay instrument that we have to-day. Therein is the cheerfulness of Pompei; everything is in motion, vital all over; every figure is stepping forth into the dance, each bird is on the wing. There is bright elastic life everywhere. Sprays, arabesques and garlands enliven and partition the walls, while, in the large, dark spaces that are bordered by foliage and flowers, figures stand out in pairs, or grouped, or singly; and winged or not, they are always lightly and surely poised. Eros tinkles on the lyre that Psyche holds; satyrs and centaurs, heroes and maidens, with fruits and flowers, people an airy realm. The artist bands who pushed their work so easily and so rapidly were thoroughly trained, and able in the mechanism of art. They turned their sketches to the best possible account, transferred them on the required scale, added, omitted, or modified as necessity or fancy prescribed. No doubt, says the critic, the way from the wall-pictures of Pompei back to the great painters of Greece is neither near nor straight, but long, and often hard to find; yet, very many of the forms or groups so gracefully poised in these open wall spaces may, in origin, reach back to the happiest period of Greek art. And we may well delight in the pictorial brightness of

Pompei, when even the critical voice, after all, says that it is a precious heritage of Grecian, and in part old Grecian, life and beauty, scattered by a degenerating posterity over these brilliant walls.

A different art appears in the mosaics, which beautify Pompei everywhere, so far as excavated.

The dwellings present to the street the very contrary idea from the open front of the public buildings. They were literally "private houses," revealing to the passers by none of their constructive plan nor domestic condition. It was but a step, though, through the little vestibule to the light and social interior. The Pompeians were not above business, and generally the front of the house, even of rich houses, consisted of a shop or shops, rented out by the proprietor, or often used by himself in his own vocation, or for the sale of the produce of his estates or the management of his revenues. The shops were open broadly to the street, and the same mode may be seen at the present time in the old-fashioned nooks of that quarter of the world, and notably in the bazaars of Cairo. At the side of the shop was the passage into the house.

The general plan of the dwelling was a court, with rooms all around it, opening in. The outer court, the first to be entered from the street, and its adjacent smaller rooms, belonged to the male members of the family—the court for receiving their friends—the smaller rooms, for sleeping, office, etc. A passage led through to another similar suite, the court probably larger, which was the general domestic social room, where the ladies of the family lived and received visitors; back of which were kitchen, store-rooms, etc. With this general plan, there were sufficiently spacious and pleasant dining and other rooms; and the same arrangement of court and adjoining rooms could be extended in succession. Some grand houses take up the whole space from street to street. A whole block so covered could contain much elegance and lively sociability and have a most quiet exterior with its blank wall sides. Sometimes there is a wee window, a pane or two, or more, or a barred space. They used glass; they had pretty iridescent toilet bottles, etc., to be seen with hairpins





A PAINTER'S STUDIO IN POMPEI

From a painting by Cavaliere A. Scifoni.

and cooking utensils, in the Naples Museum. Beside the illusive effect of the paintings, the space was apparently extended and the magnificent cosiness increased by drapery and pillars in place of doors and partitions.

The sunny courts, without roof, at least in the centre, had growing plants and blooming flowers, and caught the dew and showers as they fell. The same general idea in domestic architecture exists now in the East, as well as in Spanish-America. A fountain probably embellished the court, and a favorite fountain design was for water to trickle over a little flight of stairs, making a succession of tiny waterfalls. There was a second story, and perhaps a third. Stairs often remain; but being of wood, the roof flat, and receiving the brunt of the volcanic missives, only the ground rooms remain. One house, however, shows that it had an overhanging balcony, such as is now used in other old, quaint cities.

The servants are supposed to have been assigned to the upper quarters, yet the little bedrooms below, as they evidently

were, would seem unendurable, except that they are to be considered as recesses from the very open court rather than rooms.

The means for warming a dwelling throughout, by an arrangement in the wall, existed in some instances. Brick was much used, still more concrete—small stones and plaster, finished with a finer stucco. This offered a fine opportunity for their method of embellishment. Pompei was not a Rome. It had its own methods of building and beautifying, adapted to its requirements and abilities.

We may believe that the suburbs were occupied and would disclose villas of great interest. It is known that the road leading from another of the gates, and not yet excavated, has monuments and mansions waiting for their doors to be opened, and their inscriptions to be again read.

As we reconnoitre the streets, we find that one of the Pompeian houses appeared to be a sculptor's studio of tricks; where his art went so far as to keep gods and goddesses on hand ready for a head, which was to be put on when it was known which divinity was wanted.

The sewage of Pompei was excellent; the water-supply, by aqueduct, abundant, and public drinking fountains numerous. Great public baths are a feature. We, in a city of a million people, have one bath that approaches their luxury. That little city of a few thousand persons had more than one; greater baths, and accommodating women and men, with systematic, minute details, all apparent to our inspection.

The guides through Pompei, in the season of the rush to Naples, eat nothing between 9 A. M. and sunset, *i. e.*, from the opening to the closing, because they have no time to cease, constantly walking and briskly talking. They are of the governmental corps, which is distributed at the noted archaeological points of Italy, Pompei being the chief. They are usually married, have small pay, are intelligent, courteous and untiring, and they are prohibited from taking, on danger of dismissal, the smallest solid compliment of appreciation. The tourist's only method, and the most worthy of all his inevitable prodigalities, is to buy some of their photographs, whether they are the best or not.

On the subject of wallets, we started from New York a few pages back, with five hundred dollars and three months to invest it. Two hundred dollars and six weeks go for the going and returning; leaving three hundred dollars and seven weeks. Less than three dollars a week is spent for a daily tour of observance through Pompei—forty admissions—and Sundays and holidays free for everybody. We are sufficiently pocketed for the seven weeks to see all the incomparable environs of Naples, and more. Our three months and five hundred dollars give us four thousand and three hundred miles of voyage, and a thorough lesson in "Magna Græcia," in Naples and Southern Italy.

To the Neapolitan Museum from Pompei our best road is the fastest one, the rail-track on the margin of the water; better than through the towns. In our company are the painter, the sculptor, the novelist and poet, Bulwer Lytton, and at the last moment, in steps Buchanan Read. Off we go, literally between a pile of cities on one side, and on the other the placid sea.

ANNA BALLARD.



A STREET SCENE IN POMPEI

From a painting by Cavaliere A. Scifoni.

## THE DOORKEEPER.\*

### A NEW YEAR'S MASQUE.

*A closed portal. JANUS heard chanting.*

I keep the gate through which the morning comes,  
By lightsome Hours attended on her rounds;  
These, ever as they pass, a gate-fee pay  
In silver coinage of sweet melody,  
In roses strewn, in fragrant balms and spice.  
'Tis mine to guard the portal of the year,  
To close or open to the seasons four  
And to the importuning throng of days.  
Sometimes I hear the tread of stormy feet,  
Hoarse trumpet blasts, and loud assaulting blows,  
And threats to pull my ancient fortress down.  
But other times they come with flatteries smooth,  
Entreating, "Janus, Janus, let us in!"  
I watchful stand, I will not turn the key  
Until my glass and fingered dial stern  
Declare the moment ripe. Two ways I look,  
Two faces I present: one seamed with eld,  
And gray with looking on the frozen past;  
One, fresh as morn, and fronting days to be.  
But, softly! hither come the elfin folk,  
Whom I did promise I would entertain  
Upon this eve with pageant rare and strange.  
'Tis now the time my spells most potent work—  
Now, while the singing deep-toned bells lament  
The passéd year, ere, fickle, they shall change  
Their solemn burden for a round of joy,  
Chiming the praises of the year new-crowned.

### THE BELLS.

Toll, toll,  
Speed to its goal,  
The sacred soul,  
Of the Year.  
Mortals, attend,  
Let prayers ascend,  
For this your friend  
Without peer.

### A VOICE IN AIR.

Light, light,  
I take my flight  
Up through the night,  
Starry clear.  
Mortal no more,  
I onward soar,  
While, just before,  
Flies the Year.

\* Copyright of both words and music, 1883, by the MANHATTAN MAGAZINE COMPANY. All rights reserved.



# THE DOORKEEPER.

57

*They do as bidden. Visions of the Twelve Months pass before them. They sing alternately.*

## JANUARY.

I see whirling phantoms go  
Through the fields of drifting snow;  
Huddled flocks in wind-swept fold,  
Cattle, sheltering from the cold,  
Underneath a roof of hay,  
Where the stack is grazed away.

## JULY.

I can see the nibbling flocks,  
Lately shorn of fleecy locks;  
In the pool the cattle stand.  
I see clover-purpled land;  
Tasseled maize and yellow grain,  
Gleam of sickle, harvest wain.

## FEBRUARY.

I behold the meteor glance,  
And the merry dancers dance  
In the cold Aurora's light,  
Flinging wide their streamers bright;  
And they dance to whistled glees  
Of the wind in winter trees.

## APRIL.

I see skies of cloudless blue,  
Sunlight glancing on the dew;  
Tender blades, too quickly grown,  
By the south wind gently blown;  
Amber buds unfolding now,  
Green mist clothes the woody bough.

## OCTOBER.

I see clusters on the vine,  
And I breathe an air like wine;  
Golden pippins on the tree,  
Toiling presses, next I see;  
Let me, then, through strawy pipe,  
Quaff the season warm and ripe!

## MAY.

I behold the building bird,  
Where the leaves are lightly stirred;  
Oriole's nest in elm-tree hung;  
Thrushes leading out their young;  
Chimney-swifts, in circling flight,  
Painted by the sunset light.

## ELVES.

### VISIONS OF THE TWELVE MONTHS.

*Allegretto con moto.* *p*

1st Sop. I be-hold the building bird,...  
I can see the nibbling flocks,...  
I see whir-ling phantoms go,....

2d Sop. I be-hold a rud-dy  
I be-hold the met-eor  
I be-hold the fire-fly's

Piano *pp*  
forte.

Where the leaves are light - - ly stirred;...  
Late - ly shorn of fleec - - y locks;...  
Through the fields of drift - - ing snow;...  
tide,....  
glance,....  
lamp,....

Draw-ing  
And the  
Wav-ing

## THE MANHATTAN.

Oriole's nest in elm-tree hung,....  
 In the pool the cat-tle stand,....  
 Hud-died flocks in wind-swept fold,....

up the chim - ney wide;....  
 mer - ry dan - cer's dance;....  
 in the thick - est damp;....

And the window  
 In the cold Au -  
 Evening primrose

Thrushes lead - ing out their young; Chim - ney  
 I see clo - ver - pur - pled land; Tas - seled  
 Cat - tie shel - tering from the cold, Un - der

pane em - bossed,.....  
 ro - ra's light,.....  
 sud - den bloom,.....

By the night - work of..... the  
 Fling - ing wide..... their stream - ers  
 Mid the scent..... ed sul - try

swifts, in cir - cling flight, Paint - ed by.... the sun - set light, ...  
 malze, and a yet - low grain, Gleam of sic - kle, har - vest wain,....  
 - neath a roof of hay, Where the stack... is grazed a - way.....

frost; Scarce the moon with pry - ing beams, Can look in.... where beau - ty dreams.  
 bright; And they dance to whis - tled glees, Of the wind.... in win - ter trees....  
 gloom; Flit-ting moths with ru - by eyes, Fold - ed bees,.... and but - ter - flies....

## AUGUST.

I behold the firefly's lamp  
 Waving in the thicket damp;  
 Evening-primrose sudden bloom  
 Mid the scented, sultry gloom;  
 Flitting moths, with ruby eyes;  
 Folded bees and butterflies.

## NOVEMBER.

I see where the meadow-mouse  
 Has its grassy, low-domed house;  
 Where its hoard the squirrel keeps;  
 Where the furry marmot sleeps;  
 Where, upon a gnarled limb,  
 Sits the owl, in forest dim.



## MARCH.

I see many a curving rill,  
Many a river, blind and still;  
Motionless the waterfall,  
Chained against the ledgy wall,  
Like a captive maiden, there,  
Bound by her long, flowing hair.

## SEPTEMBER.

I can see the rain up-fill  
Every summer-wasted rill;  
Fresh'ning waters, as they run  
Through the shade and in the sun,  
Till, at length, they lie concealed  
Under rush or willow shield.

## JUNE.

I can see the climbing rose,  
And the glances that it throws  
Past the casement, as to say,  
"Gloomy night has flown away;  
How can Beauty keep her eye  
Shut against this morning sky?"

## DECEMBER.

I behold a ruddy tide  
Drawing up the chimney wide,  
And the window-pane embossed  
By the night-work of the frost;  
Scarce the moon, with prying beams,  
Can look in where Beauty dreams.

*p* *Poco più tranquillo.*

1st Alto. *I see clus - ters on the vine, And I  
I can see the rain up - fill. Eve - ry  
I can see the climb - ing rose, And the*

2d Alto. *p* *I see skies of cloud - less blue,  
I see many a cur - ving rill,  
I see where the mea - dow-mouse,*

*Poco più tranquillo.*

Piano *p* *dolce.*

forte.

breathe..... an air like wine; Gol - den plp - pins on the tree, Toil - ing press - es,  
sum - mer - wast - ed rill; Fresh - ning wa - ters, as they run Through the shade and  
glan - ces that it throws Past the case - ment, as to say, "Gloom - y night has

Sun - light glanc - ing on the dew; Ten - der blades, too quick - ly grown,  
Many a riv - er blind and still;.... Mo - tion - less the wa - ter - fall.  
Has its grass - y low-dom'd house, Where its hoard the squir - rel keeps,

*p*

## THE MANHATTAN.

next I see; Let... me, then, through straw - y pipe,  
in the sun, Till... at length, they lie... con - cealed  
down a - way; How... can Beau - ty keep... her eye,

by the south-wind gent - ly blown;... Am - ber - buds un - fold - ing now...  
chained a - gainst the led - gy wall;... Like a cap - tive mai - den there,....  
where the fur - ry mar - mot sleeps;... Where, up - on a gnar - led limb,....

*Attaca Elves Chorus*

Quaff... the sea - son warm... and ripe, shield...  
Un der rush on wil - low ing sky?....  
Shut... a - gainst this morn - ing

Green... mist clothes the wood - y bough...  
Bound... by her owl long, flow - ing hair...  
Sits... the owl in for - est dim...  
*p* *pp*

## ELVES IN CHORUS.

Father Janus, thou dost see  
How so ill our songs agree;  
We should bicker evermore,

Looking from this charmed door.  
Tell us, who have seen aright,  
Who were false in speech or sight?

## ELVES IN CHORUS.

*Allegro Moderato. (2d time pp.)*

*mf*

Soprano. *Sostenuto.* Fa - ther Ja - nus, thou dost see,....

Alto. *Allegro.*

Piano *mf* *(2d time pp.) Sempre leggiero.*

forte. *Con Pedale.*

How so ill our songs a - gree; We should bick - er

# THE DOORKEEPER.

61

ev - er - more, Look - ing for this charm - ed door,...

Tell me, who have seen a - right.... Who were false in

speech or sight? Tell..... us!

Loco.

JANUS.

Ye all have rightly seen, and said aright;  
No longer, then, among yourselves contend;  
But tell me, if you can, O quick-eyed elves,  
Who is the royal stranger near at hand?  
Be ready; greet him with a roundelay,  
When ye have heard the dancing of the bells.

THE BELLS.

Ring, ring!	Mortals, attend,
As to a king,	Your voices lend;
Homage bring;	'Tis a friend
Hail the Year!	Without peer.

## THE BELLS.

Soprano 1 & 2.  
[Tenor 1 & 2, with  
Sop'r ad lib.]

Alto 1 & 2.  
[Bass 1 & 2, with  
Alto 2va lower,  
ad lib.]

PIANOFORTE.

Allegro maestoso.

As to a King, homage bring, Hail the Year!

Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring.

## THE MANHATTAN.

*f* *ff ten.*  
 Mor - tals, at - tend, Your voi - ces lend, 'Tis a friend with - out peer.  
 ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,  
 I take my flight down thro' the night starry clear. Im - mor - tal I leave, To mor - tal I cleave, Me,  
 ring, ring, rin', ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, Me,  
 Earth re - ceive with the Year. Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring! .....  
 Earth re - ceive with the Year. Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring.  
*p* *pp* *dimin.* *f*  
*p* *pp* **FINE.**

## ONE OF THE ELVES.

Hail the Year! all hail the Year!  
 Music of the dreaming sphere  
 Greets thee, coming from the skies;  
 Dawn is kindled at thine eyes.  
 Oh, we haste to offer thee  
 Elfin service, leal and free!

Hail the Year!

## JANUS.

Hail the Year! all hail the Year!  
 Rule by love, and not by fear;  
 Be thou clement, be thou just;  
 Break no mortal's tender trust;  
 So, when thou to heaven ascend,  
 Love and praise shall thee attend.

Hail the Year!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

## TINKLING CYMBALS.

### V.

THE next day was Sunday. Leah and her mother intentionally breakfasted a little later than the rest of the household, thus avoiding Dr. Pragley and his adorers. But while they were busied with their coffee and rolls, they heard the singing of a hymn in the adjacent parlor, and soon afterward Dr. Pragley's stentorian voice reached them in tones that made it plain he was fervently sermonizing.

Leah listened. She could catch nearly every word quite distinctly. But she presently left off listening and resumed her breakfast.

"Do you hear?" she said. "'Eternal punishment'—'the vengeance of Heaven'—'the wrath of the Deity'—'the anger of the Most High'—oh, how horrible to love a God whom they believe so unmerciful! and how insolent to treat him as if they could really explain his works and ways! Do they ever reflect upon the irreverence of their own worship?"

"Volumes might be written on the impiety of the pious," said Mrs. Romilly, almost as if she were speaking to herself.

Leah started. "Is that your own, mamma?"

"No, Leah. A greater mind than mine put it into language."

Leah looked at her with a composed fondness. "Remember," she said, "that I admit few minds to be greater than yours. Whose is the telling little axiom?"

"It belongs to Herbert Spencer, my dear."

"How true it is!" Leah commented, sipping her coffee, while the resonant voice of Dr. Pragley still sounded. "Yes, I think I recollect meeting it. It is in the 'Lay Sermons and Reviews,' isn't it?"

"Huxley wrote those, Leah."

"Oh, yes, so he did. I remember, now. But, good gracious! why are not all these great modern thinkers dead? They ought to be."

"Why do you say that, my child?"

"Oh, because they are so majestic, most of them, that they deserve the final majesty of death itself. Even some of my nonsense would be less stupid if I should die. Death would give it a kind of classic touch. A few people would get to think there had really been something in it, because they could never hear any more of it. . . . Yes," she went on, as if entertained by the quaintness of her own reflections, "I suppose that if Mrs. Dickerson's repulsive little dog should suddenly expire in a fit, we might find ourselves deciding that it had once or twice barked melodiously. . . . Oh, dear, I wish that he wouldn't do it quite so loud!"

This last bit of irrelevant vernacular referred to the continued rolling periods of Dr. Pragley. Leah and her mother soon afterward finished their breakfast and went out on the piazza. Each took from a table in the hall a book which she had left there since the preceding afternoon. That corner of the piazza which they had already fallen into the habit of occupying was very near a large window, whose green, shaded blinds could have been opened directly upon the parlor in which Dr. Pragley was still making himself rhythmically audible. Leah fixed her eyes upon the pages of her book, remaining silent for some little time. Mrs. Romilly began likewise to read. But presently, as she turned a leaf of her own volume, something slipped fluttering to her feet.

Half instinctively, at first, Leah stooped, reaching forth her hand. Securing what appeared to be several small sheets of printed matter stitched together, she cast her look upon the print itself. Then she uttered a faint, abrupt cry. The next instant she had almost snatched away Mrs. Romilly's book, and had glanced at its title.

"Oh, mamma! this is outrageous!"

"What, Leah?"

"Do you see? They have dared to put a tract in your book! It is called 'A Staff for the Lame and Sight for the Blind.' Is not this *too* much? Are you going to endure it? If you are, I am not!"

Leah had risen by this time. Her eyes were flashing; she had thrown back her head, while turning her face with a look of accusative anger straight toward the near apartment.

Mrs. Romilly remained seated. "Leah," she said, in earnest undertone, "I can endure it very well. Pray, do not excite yourself for such a trifle."

"Trifle!" repeated Leah, ominously, below her breath. But a moment later she had raised one finger, with her gaze again fixed upon the neighboring window. "Listen!" she went on, with her lips pressing together and her face turning pale.

It was easy to listen. The voice of Dr. Pragley had seldom been more vigorous and oratoric than now, outside the spacious walls of his own famed tabernacle.

"Yes, my friends," he appealed, "let us pray for the perverted soul of that once notorious and still unrepentant woman! Let us not *judge* Elizabeth Cleve Romilly—that is not our province, not our prerogative. But let us implore the Holiness which she has offended to confer upon her the mercy of a blessed remorse, even though it may be a tardy one! Let us implore—"

It is possible that Dr. Pragley just had time to finish his next adjuring sentence before Leah, fired with an irresistible purpose, had succeeded in opening the wide blinds of the adjacent window. She burst into the room after that with quite enough force to make her entrance a prophecy of storm and outcry among the persons gathered in mute and rapt absorption about their fluent pastor. But if they all expected that the scene of yesterday was to be tenfold intensified by this fearless young antagonist, Leah now disappointed them with the extraordinary equipoise and calm of her demeanor.

She stood quite still, at a distance of scarcely two yards from the window by which she had so impetuously entered. Through this a wide shaft of the outer daylight had shot itself across the floor

of the big, gloomed chamber; she stood centrally within the breadth of its brightness, which gave to her dilated figure, her incensed eyes and the pale refinement of her visage, a prominence otherwise lost. She looked at Dr. Pragley, and, with very slight hesitation, spoke. Her voice was rather unwontedly vibrant than loud. Her agitation and ire were plain, but it was also plain that she had good mastery over both.

"I had made up my mind," she commenced, "to give you, your wife and your friends, sir, no cause for any further personal rudeness while we remained within this house. I did this at my mother's anxious request, and not because I am not quite able at all times to hold my own with those who annoy me by verbal sharp-shooting, of whatever sort. But you have shown me, this morning, that such a course is quite beyond my powers. In the first place, you, or some of your clique, impertinently placed a tract in mamma's Herbert Spencer. That was a very officious and objectionable thing to do; but it does not compare, in point of pure insult, with the fact of your daring to call mamma names, under the disguise of praying for her, and in a voice of such volume that you are certain it must reach her ears and my own. I do not doubt, sir, that I am giving you a very needless piece of information when I tell you that you ought to be ashamed of yourself; for, though you could probably preach hours about modesty or gentlemanly courtesy, I believe that both are as foreign to your nature as the demands of your profession make them really requisite!"

Leah half turned toward the window, with one of her most queenly gestures, and would at once have quitted the room had not Dr. Pragley's tones, full of sonorous lamentation, sounded a prompt response.

He had thrust his right hand into the breast of his close-buttoned coat; he had drooped his head, and was shaking it from side to side with immeasurable regret in the oscillation.

"Oh, most unfortunate young scoffer!" he mourned. "And it is with such wanton abuse as this that you return our patient, Heaven-inspired efforts!"



Just then Leah saw the light of the window darkened, and, looking round, she perceived the forms of her mother and Lawrence Rainsford crossing the threshold.

Rainsford's appearance gave her a sense of reinforcement, so to speak, but it played havoc with her self-repression as well. Here was somebody who would doubtless offer her the sympathy that her distress merited—who would aid her in the defensive stand that she had taken. As a consequence she did what no amount of dire contention on the part of the Pragley faction could have forced her to do. She immediately burst into tears—they were the hot tears of hysterical wrath—and addressed him in wailing tones, that had lost every trace of their former continence.

"Did mamma tell you what these dreadful people have been doing? As if that old shouting sensationalist had any right to call my dear, good, noble mother what he did! I shouldn't have minded half so much if he had had the impudence to pray for *me*. But *mamma!* who is so much above him, in mind, in soul, in goodness, in charity, in *everything*, that it would take him his whole noisy, wrangling lifetime even to—to understand her!"

The final sentence, gathering toward its passionate rhetorical climax, was flung in a sidelong manner at Dr. Pragley. And then Leah, like all with whom to weep is rare, saw the ludicrous side of her perturbation, and hurried toward her mother, hiding her face on the latter's shoulder, while her tears changed themselves into almost convulsive sobs.

"Leah," she heard her mother's voice say, low and sweet in its firmness, "come with me, child; come away with me." . . .

Nothing was quite clear to Leah after that, until she and Mrs. Romilly were seated, side by side, on a corner of the piazza opposite to the one which they had formerly occupied. Then she again became aware of her mother's fervent, persuasive voice.

"Leah, do not take it so much to heart. Rainsford is speaking to those people now. He has already told me that he will arrange for us to leave this afternoon. There will be no further annoyance. We can go to the Aquidneck House in a few hours."

VOL. III.—No. 1.—72.

They did go. What Rainsford said to Dr. Pragley and his *côterie* he never communicated afterward. The disappearance was managed very quietly. Mrs. Preen came to her two departing boarders with a lachrymose visage and a mien of genteel, matronly despair. Mrs. Romilly held converse with this bereaved lady, and made the inevitable leave-taking as brief as possible. Leah, with her eyes dried and glittering rather hard, maintained a sturdy silence. Rainsford supervised all the petty details of their withdrawal. By about four o'clock that same day, they were installed within two very comfortable rooms at the Aquidneck.

"This is delightful," said Leah, who was now thoroughly herself again. "Why should we not remain here until we leave for good?"

"I fear it is too expensive," said her mother. And then Mrs. Romilly named the price which Rainsford had told her that they would be charged,

"Nonsense, mamma!" exclaimed Leah. "Why talk as if we were paupers? When have we spent our full income?" She named the amount of money which they had decided to be their limit of expenditure while in Newport. "Besides," she went on, "there are those few extra bonds which you wished to sell just before we came here. I fancy that we shall like the Aquidneck. It has a sort of homelike look." Here she gave a decided memorial shudder. "*Anything*," she went on, "would be better than that wretched place of Mrs. Preen's."

A little later she said, as if suddenly recollecting: "Oh, by the way, now that I am here I must write to Mr. Tremaine. I mean about to-morrow's drive, you know—that my address is changed."

Mrs. Romilly made no answer, but Leah wrote a brief note, and when she went downstairs with her mother she paused at the desk and gave her directed envelope to the clerk, saying that she wanted it sent immediately. The clerk, who chanced to be a functionary of effusive politeness, assured her that the missive should be dispatched at once, and added that Mr. Tremaine lived only a short distance away, in the same street. "It's the old Tremaine

house, miss," he continued, answering affably Leah's surprised look. "Nearly everybody in Newport knows it."

Leah afterward told her mother of their nearness to her proposed escort of the morrow. Mrs. Romilly scarcely responded at all; but when, that same evening, Rainsford appeared, meeting her in the lower hall of the hotel, some temporary absence of Leah gave her the opportunity to tell him both of the note sent and of the neighboring residence.

"I forgot he was so near," murmured Rainsford, as if to himself. "She is contented here?" he went on, in much less preoccupied tones. "She likes it?"

"She wants to stop here permanently. The hotel pleases her."

"It is much less public and populous than the Ocean House," said Rainsford.

Leah presently made her appearance. For a reason that both she and Rainsford understood, though it was presented with not a little tact, Mrs. Romilly soon left them. They walked out together on the piazza, so much broader and ampler than Mrs. Preen's.

"Your mother says you like it here," ventured Rainsford.

"Oh, yes," said Leah positively. "Very much. We shall remain. It is decided."

"Will you sit down, or shall we walk?" Rainsford had paused beside two chairs while he thus spoke.

Leah gave a little laugh. "I shall stand," she replied. "But only for a short time. I am tired. I want to go upstairs. You know what has tired me." She turned her head away from his watchful face while she spoke, and looked in at the wide illumined hall.

A few people were scattered about in seated groups, here and there. But he and she were comparatively isolated where they now stood.

A hundred things that he might say swept through Rainsford's mind. But he hit only upon one.

"Leah," he began, looking at her intently in the dusk, "is there not something that you are willing to tell me?"

Her eyes seemed to gaze across his shoulder, out into the dark street beyond. "I want to thank you so very

much," she said with an evasive frankness, "for having got us away from that shocking place."

"I do not mean that," he faltered helplessly.

"Well," she returned, with a ring of resignation in her voice that would have been comic at another time, "what *do* you mean, please?"

"Have you not guessed, Leah?" His tones deepened, and seemed to throb a little. "I mean that I want you to tell me you will be my wife."

There was a silence, during which they both heard the sighing of the gloomy trees on the near lawn.

"For the last time, I hope," Leah said, measuredly, but by no means coldly, "I must answer you that this is not possible."

"Not possible," he said, repeating the words, yet scarcely knowing that he did so. It was almost as if a condemned prisoner had automatically murmured over an adverse sentence just pronounced.

"It is final—quite final," Leah went on. "But we must always be good friends. In time you will not care; at least, I sincerely hope not. You will marry some charming girl—and you will love her very much. You will tell me all about her, and we will laugh together over the past."

She laid her hand, very lightly, on his arm. All her former hard brilliancy had vanished; she had grown very womanly and winning; you would not have believed her guilty of the least rigor, the least cruelty. Her eyes, as they dwelt on Rainsford's face, were full of a rich, humid light.

"I think it better," he said, with the effect of forcing speech between shut teeth, "that we should never see each other again after to-night."

"No, no," she objected. She still touched his arm. There was a flash of the old imperiousness in her veto, softly as it was given; and yet this was mixed with a strange, uncharacteristic candor. "I like you to like me. I don't want you to desert me because I care for you less than you care for me. I promise always to be your friend. Friendship has its demands, its conditions, its obligations. You and I are to be friends—no, I mean you, myself,

and mamma. There; it is settled. You are not to go away permanently. I cannot spare you. As I said, it will all end in time—you know to what I refer. I hope she will be charming and high-bred. If so, I shall be very fond of her. Look, there is mamma coming. Act nicely." She withdrew her hand from his arm at this point. "Act as if everything had *not* been arranged, once and for all." Just at this point her voice, before ending, hardened a little. . . .

The weather was full of moderate breezes and the best sunshine on the following day. Leah took a short walk with her mother in the morning, and passed a certain spacious, attractive dwelling, which she informed her companion was the Tremaine homestead. Mrs. Romilly did not ask her how she had obtained this knowledge. But the fact that Leah had secured the exact information was not without its saddening result.

The Aquidneck House charmed Leah. Before mid-day she had drifted into conversation with a certain lady whose appearance pleased her. The name of this lady was Mrs. Forbes, and her remarkable information on the subject of Newport and Newport doings afforded Leah the most potent entertainment. She insisted that her mother should share her new acquaintance, though Mrs. Romilly, who found the lady in question somewhat vapid and unsatisfactory, did not long remain in Mrs. Forbes's company.

"I think mamma is not very well to-day," said Leah, when her mother had made an excuse to withdraw from the large, shady, pleasant sitting-room in which the introduction had occurred. "She came here for her health, you know. You must find it a powerful change from Peoria, don't you? That is so far away—I mean it looks so on the map. Isn't it in the Rocky Mountains, or very near them?"

"Oh dear, no!" said Mrs. Forbes. She gave a blithe laugh. "You Eastern people are always supposing that we Western ones come from the most unearthly places. But don't let us talk of Peoria. You can put it as far west on the map as you please. I'm almost sorry that I told you I was born and raised there. I've been abroad ever so long

since I saw it. I was married abroad. I married an Englishman."

"Yes?" said Leah, with interrogative suavity.

She liked everything about Mrs. Forbes except her voice. The lady was plump, pretty, and of excellent style in the way of attire. She had a tender pink-and-white complexion, a little, receding, piquant nose, and a mouth as small and sweet as a crumpled red flower. But her voice, her pronunciation, struck Leah as shockingly nasal. It was so unmelodious, so coarse, in fact, that it contrasted most dissonantly with the agreeable *personnel* to which it belonged.

"Yes, my husband is an Englishman," Mrs. Forbes continued. "We lived in England and France for nearly seven years after we were married. Then something happened with regard to my property; I have a great deal of property in the West. It was this trouble that brought us on here, but we find that there has been a sort of false alarm, and we shall probably stop in Newport until the end of the season. Poor pa died in Peoria three years ago; he had been with me in Europe when I was married, but afterward he had gone back. He died quite suddenly; it was a dreadful blow. Bertie thought it best that I shouldn't go back right away. He said it would be different if mother was living. And I am the only child. By 'Bertie' I mean my husband, of course. His full name is Bertram Chetwynde Forbes. He is the first cousin of the Marquis of Chetwynde, you know."

This latter statement was made with a slight straightening of the jaunty little body, as though it concerned a question of the most notable import.

"Oh," said Leah, "then you are one of the Americans who have married among the English aristocracy? I have often heard about those kinds of marriages."

Mrs. Forbes nodded her head with more sociability than seemed quite the proper accompaniment of a lady in such close matrimonial nearness to a marquise.

"Yes," she said. And then, like a little oft-repeated formula, she murmured: "Bertie is first cousin to the Marquis of Chetwynde."

Leah did not wish to be too interrogative on so short an acquaintance. She felt very curious, however, regarding Mrs. Forbes, but contented herself, for the present, with saying:

"You go out a great deal into society here, don't you?"

"No," said Mrs. Forbes, "I don't. Bertie does, though." And here she noticeably brightened.

"Your husband goes without *you*?" murmured Leah. . . . "You have told me so much about the manners and customs of Newport that I supposed you had been a good deal among the great people."

Mrs. Forbes laughed. Her laugh, like her voice, was extremely harsh. She was so modishly and brightly robed that she reminded Leah, while listening, of those splendid-plumed tropical parrots which satirize their feathery loveliness by the utterance of hoarse screams.

"Oh, Bertie describes it all," Mrs. Forbes now said. "*He* goes everywhere. He thinks it best that I shouldn't be gay. There are the two children, you know, Enid and Gwendolen. Don't you think that those are pretty names? *We* think so. Enid is named after Bertie's sister, the Countess of Breadalbane, and Gwendolen is named after his mother, who was the third daughter of Lord George Maskelyne."

Leah recalled two pale, sickly children, who bore not the slightest resemblance to her new rotund, healthful-looking friend, and who had clamored peevishly round Mrs. Forbes on the piazza about an hour ago, until drawn away by a gaunt French *bonne*.

"They are both quite delicate," continued the mother of Enid and Gwendolen. "They are not at all like Bertie and me. Bertie says that they require all my care. I suppose he is right, of course. But then there are the two French nurses, you know, Aline and Françoise. Still, I dare say a mother should be motherly and domestic."

Leah had by this time acquired a pronounced dislike of "Bertie." Her drive with Tracy Tremaine was to take place at four o'clock, and very punctually at that hour a dog-cart, drawn by two heavy, stylish bays, drove up to the door of the Aquidneck. Leah, attired simply, but with

a taste that well became her slender figure and lovely face, was soon ensconced a Tremaine's side. Mrs. Romilly saw the departure from an upper window; she somehow chose not to descend and greet Leah's new escort.

"It was so good of you to come with me," Tremaine said, while the bays were starting and the footman was leaping into his seat behind. "I was so afraid that you might refuse. Your little mention of a row at your other place has made me immensely curious. Do pray tell me all about it."

Leah began her narration. She gave it with certain touches of her old sarcastic humor that caused Tremaine more than one burst of hearty merriment. And, meanwhile, she noticed the faultless nicety of his toilette, in which, from the shining boot to the high drab hat, there was care without finicality, and elegance without foppery. He seemed to Leah a very finished human expression; he satisfied her in every way where Rainsford had fallen short of satisfying her. Nor was she at all sure that this pleasure was not one of mental as well as physical approval. He was not very often in earnest, but then Rainsford was always too much in earnest. He had no superior views of life, but then Rainsford's views were in a manner superior to the maintenance of agreeable permanent intercourse. There was Rainsford's trouble in the eyes of Leah—he was too extraordinary, too exceptional, without in the least pretending to be so. But Tremaine, on the other hand, though quite as exempt from pretensions, had an art of putting things, a manner of living, a grace and taste of deportment, that were all delightfully on a level with the everyday usages, pastimes or occupations. Leah felt an exhilarated relief in his society. She could not help comparing the two men; they were the only two men who had ever awakened in her the slightest definite regard. The one whom she knew best was forever commanding her respect; the other represented a cheerful relaxation from this silent but continuous levy. Not that she failed in respect for the latter, but in him the moral tribute did not incessantly thrust itself forward with wearying prominence.

Tremaine was an unpedestaled figure, so to speak; there was nothing august about him; one's sight need not be lifted too high to span his dimensions. But, on the other hand, neither had it to be in the least lowered. Leah felt contentedly certain on this last-named point, notwithstanding what she had recently heard with regard to Mrs. Abbott Fortescue.

"That Pragley fellow must be the most shocking old duffer," said Tremaine, when

she had finished her piquant recital. "It's not necessary, I suppose, for me to tell you that I think your conduct entirely right."

But Leah soon forgot her grievance. They had reached Bellevue Avenue, and had begun to feel the fresh breath of the near sea.

"It is enchanting," she said, looking almost gleefully to left and right. "This, then, is the real Newport. I see it at last! I have so wanted to see it!"

## VI.

The abodes had lost that close-neighboring aspect which marked them in the older part of the town just left. They rose on either hand in countless varying structural designs. A few—and these were quite occasional—had the smartly assertive air of the American villa; but by far the majority of them were either noble and stately, or rustically simple in a way that left it plain as to the generous means of their owners and lessees. The popular name of "cottages" was rarely applicable. They were mostly mansions of grand and massive proportions. Their lawns lacked the amplitude usually found engirding similar English homes, but many of them, in spite of such disadvantage, satisfied the gaze with a beautiful manorial majesty.

"I suppose the great people live here," said Leah, giving full play to a childish admiration.

Tremaine laughed.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "Here are to be found our American dukes and duchesses."

"And are these people, so constantly driving past us, to so many of whom you bow," she questioned, "all what is called the cream of Newport society?"

Tremaine gave a much louder laugh.

"Oh, what a delicious phrase for this awful rabble!" he exclaimed. "Come, now, Miss Romilly, I am sure you got that straight from the newspapers."

Leah was too preoccupied to dream of being offended.

"Why do you call it a rabble?" she said, as carriage after carriage, in every conceivable shape, from the monumental

four-horse drag to the small two-wheel tilted cart, swept multitudinously past them. "I think everything is so prosperous, so glittering, so undemocratic! It all seems to me like a region in which poverty is quite unknown. As we drive along now we seem to be in a kind of gentlemanly and ladylike paradise."

"Oh, there is money enough, if you mean that," Tremaine answered, in his loitering, half-indifferent way. But you mustn't judge of this Bellevue Avenue parade by outside appearances. A few years ago it was quite another matter. Then Newport was really a special and peculiar place. Now it is overrun by people from heaven knows where. We used to have from thirty to forty families here who all knew each other and entertained each other. It was a blessed refuge, then, from such rowdy spots as Saratoga and Narragansett. But something has changed all that of late. There are various explanations given; for my part, I am convinced that only one is to be credited. I mean that wretched Casino."

"Oh, don't call it wretched!" dissented Leah. "It is so lovely!"

"Yes, that is what everyone said when it was first built. But I consider that it has ruined Newport. It has done away with all the old quiet, conservative charm of the place. It has made Tom, Dick and Harry flock here with their wives, daughters and sons. It has destroyed all our atmosphere. The old residents can't be rude to people who *will* get introduced to them at the Casino and *will* bombard them with hospitalities afterward. They



are forced to make some return. As a consequence, it has become customary to give great dinners at the Casino restaurant—could anything be better evidence than that of the lowered tone of the place? All the fine, select atmosphere of Newport has gone. The really swell women don't drop in upon each other of a morning as they used to do; that charming mixture of home life and fashionable life—the lady's morning visit, once so distinctive a feature here—has almost completely vanished; everybody sees everybody else, nowadays, at the Casino. Then, again, if somebody like Mrs. Chichester, of New York, or Mrs. Parkinson, of Boston, wants to throw open her palace of a house and give a ball to guests whom she knows and has known for years, and desires to compliment by a superb piece of real civility, she straightway trembles in her boots, poor woman, at the prospect of having about two hundred extra invitations asked for the moment her regular cards have been issued. Now, I maintain that the Casino is responsible for this new abomination. It has turned Newport into a watering-place. It never was one before; they used to call it so, but it never was. People would go to the Ocean House and stay there a week and go away bored, who now remain to struggle and push and elbow themselves right into cottage society. For that matter, there is no cottage society any longer; it has become a mere memory."

Leah was so interested by this glimpse into an unknown world, that she never gave the least egotistic thought to her own isolation and aloofness from it. She showed, on the contrary, her relish of Tremaine's *dilettante* complaints by a laugh that pealed out sweet and silvery in the crisp marine air.

"Truly," she said, "it's like the wall over Babylon, or some great ruined city of the past. If there were only more willow-trees in Newport, how pretty it would be for all you old cottage-people, as you call yourselves, to decorate them with croquet-mallets and lawn-tennis bats, just as the poor Israelites hung up their harps, you know!"

"An excellent idea," he said, echoing her laugh. "I should like to commemo-

rate our downfall in precisely some such picturesque way."

But now Leah spoke in decidedly altered tones. She had remembered at last what it was so like her to remember sooner or later.

"By-the-bye," she said, very seriously, and with a little heightening of her delicate head, "I suppose it has not struck you that I might be ranked among your condemned pushers and strugglers, has it?"

He replied instantly, and with apparent shocked astonishment. If counterfeited, nothing could be more deft.

"Miss Romilly, is it possible that you are not joking?"

Leah felt the balm at once touch her hurt, which, after all, was a mere scratch.

"Well," she admitted, with her grand, cool air, "it is true that you sought an introduction to me."

"I was compelled to seek one."

"Compelled?"

"Assuredly. You understand, of course."

"But these very exclusive personages," she went on, "whom I don't know, and whom you know that I don't know—what will they say when they see us together?"

He leaned his face for a few brief seconds near to her own. The bays were so well-broken that these did not need great vigilance.

"Ah, what *would* they say," he murmured, "if you should chose to meet and mingle with them?"

"I am sure I can't tell. Can you?"

"Quite accurately, I think. They would say that, with all their exclusive tendencies, they had never denied their courtesy to beauty, wit and refinement, when those three gifts met notably in the person of one woman."

Leah thought this, as it was spoken—were might also add as it was—looked thoroughly delightful. It so entirely banished her resentment, that when, a little later, Tremaine asked her whether she would prefer to visit the polo grounds or to quit the wagon and walk a little way along the Cliffs, she readily answered:

"I will leave the preference to you. Whichever you choose I will choose."

Her mien of condescension, blended with



her unaffected ease and her brilliant beauty, affected him very pleasurably.

"Let us go to the Cliffs," he said, thinking how he should like to walk at her side for a little while.

When they reached the end of Bellevue Avenue, he signed to the groom behind him, after stopping his horses. The groom sprang out and held their heads, while he assisted Leah to alight.

They were presently strolling close to the edge of the sea, along a hard, smooth path, beneath which sloped in rugged, rocky acclivity the extreme ocean-limit. On their left was a seemingly interminable line of palatial edifices; on their right the sea broke, with its immemorial music and its vast, pure distances of lustrous color. But sheer down from the porticoes and verandas of the adjacent dwellings, directly to the verge of old Atlantic itself, ran a carpeting of green lawn, as sleek and even as a leopard's fur. It met the grim top of the precipitous headland, and there ended with an abruptness that was like a happy truce between nature and art. The ocean seemed to have grumblyingly granted this peaceful compromise; it washed the granite bases, many feet below, with a kind of leonine submission. Perfect culture never before blent so harmoniously with untamed wildness. The residences themselves were those past which Tremaine and Leah had already driven; but seen on this, their shoreward side, they acquired a new meaning, a new vantage. Their encompassing lawns not only flowed toward the coast, but flowed into each other with an untrammelled pastoral freedom. You felt, as you looked into their vague doorways, their curtained casements, that the salt, invigorating breeze wandered at will through each luxurious interior.

"It is something that I have never seen before," said Leah, with a kind of thoughtful enthusiasm, as they moved onward for hundreds of yards and found always the same sweep of emerald grass touch the austere, gray rock on one hand, and the same line of imposing abodes gleam to them on the other. "It charms me, delights me, and yet it has a certain cruelty."

"Cruelty?" repeated her companion.

"Yes. Do you know, it makes me think of the miserable people who are starving in crowded cities not far from here. I don't know what puts such a thought into my head at such a time; but it has come; I can't help having it."

No one would have called Leah cold or haughty while she thus spoke. Tremaine looked at her in surprise.

"Are you so humanitarian, so philosophic?" he asked.

She suddenly frowned.

"Yes; if I choose to be," she said, annoyedly. "There is a cruelty of luxury about these cliffs, as you call them. They are *too* lovely. I mean that while so many people are shut in hot garrets, not knowing where they shall get their next crust, all this pomp and comfort seems like an injustice, an outrage!"

She was instinctively thinking the thoughts that she knew her mother would have had if they had come here together. But, more than this, she was thinking the same thoughts because of hidden depth in her strange, capricious nature that even her mother had not possessed the skill or acumen to fathom.

Tremaine disliked her unforeseen mood, but in most moods she had begun so potently to please him that he chose, with a sure tact, to thwart and alter this one.

"You say truly that you have never seen anything like it before," he softly ventured. "Neither has anybody, I think. Not long ago I walked this same path with—well, I can't dream of pronouncing his name; he is the Russian Minister, and a very good fellow. He has seen three-quarters, at least, of the inhabited sphere. I asked *him* if he had ever seen anything like our Newport cliffs before, and it was very amusing to watch him, with his encumbering foreign prejudices, muse and meditate until he had answered me, in his halting, precarious English, that there was a summer resort on the borders of the Crimea which reminded him of our present ramble, and yet was actually far less fine. I suspect, myself, that it can't hold a candle to this, wherever and whatever it is. I've knocked round a great lot, myself, but I have met only one Newport—that is, from this one *point de vue* of external superiority."

After a little more strolling they retraced their steps toward the attendant vehicle. The sun had now lowered to its partial extinction, and the sea, under its level rays, had begun to take darker wrinkles upon a surface of deepened blue. Along its horizon the sky showed a ring of that faint rosy haze which betokens the ripeness of summer, and tells that the sharp autumn evening is not far away. As they drove back through the delicious early dusk, Leah said: "Are there many English people here at present?"

"Yes, a few."

"Great swells?" she questioned; and then laughingly added, "As *you* would say."

"Not many great swells; no." He mentioned the name of one British nobleman, and then paused, as if he could think of no one relatively distinguished.

"Do you know a Mr. Forbes?" asked Leah.

He turned quickly, with a smile: "Bertie Forbes? Of course, I do. Oh, yes; I recollect. He is at the Aquidneck. Have you met him already?"

"No," said Leah, gravely; "but I have met his wife."

"Ah," said her companion, with an odd accent upon the monosyllable. "I know Mrs. Forbes slightly."

"Tell me about them," demanded Leah.

"About them," he repeated, with a quizzical mystification. "Do you mean who and what they are?"

"Oh, no. I have learned all that from the poor little lady herself."

"Why do you call her a poor little lady?"

Leah was transiently silent. "Because," she soon said, with emphasis, "I have an idea that she is shamefully neglected."

"Well, I must allow that you're right," returned Tremaine, with a swift sidelong look into her face. "But *she* hasn't complained, has she?"

"Oh, no. On the contrary, she seems to think that she is enormously honored by being married to a man of close connection with the English peerage, and who never takes her anywhere. A man who is ashamed of her, in fact."

"Well, you are about right. She was a great heiress. Bertie married her in England. He hadn't a penny. I never

knew such a case of un murmuring conjugal devotion. She might be made presentable enough, if he would only introduce her. But he doesn't. He spends her money instead—sometimes even gambles it away at cards, I'm afraid—and keeps her always persistently in the background. It's shocking of him, of course."

"I should say so," answered Leah. . . .

A little later, after Tremaine had assisted her to alight at the hotel door, and had said a few low words concerning the Casino ball, at which they were soon to meet, Leah passed into the hotel on the way to her mother's room. But before reaching the staircase she came face to face with Mrs. Forbes.

"I saw you come back from your drive," said this lady, in her brisk, nasal way. She looked extremely pretty; she was dressed quite showily, yet tastefully, for dinner. "Did you enjoy it?" she went on.

"Oh, very much," replied Leah. "Did *you* not drive this afternoon?"

"No. Bertie took some gentlemen out. But I usually drive—that is, when he doesn't want my particular horses. We only have four with us, this year; we were not sure how long we should stay, you know; and one of Bertie's has gone lame several times since our arrival."

"So you let him keep you at home?" said Leah, with a dubious levity, while her brown eyes dwelt very firmly on the little woman's gay, kindly face. She lifted one finger, and shook it with smiling admonition. "Ah, Mrs. Forbes, if I were you I would manage things very differently!"

Mrs. Forbes could not be offended. Her intimacy with Leah had been rapid and almost wholly of her own making. Besides, Leah greatly attracted her; she thought her one of the most beautiful young creatures she had ever seen; and she had a pronounced liking for beauty in her own sex. Apart from all these considerations, too, the girl had given her little burst of familiarity with enough jocose carelessness to render it safely non-committal.

"How would you manage things?" asked Mrs. Forbes, with a sudden earnestness that struck her hearer as little short of wistful. "I'd like to know. I've been *wanting* to know."

Leah promptly became serious. She slipped one hand into one of Mrs. Forbes's plump hands as she spoke, while still maintaining her fixed regard.

"You ask me that question," she said. "I don't know what precise answer you wish, but I will give you a frank and sincere answer. It is this: I would go to the Casino ball to-night. It means more than it says, that slight answer of mine. There's a good deal behind it."

Mrs. Forbes's color grew slowly from its usual pink into a much richer shade. But she did not withdraw her hand from Leah's.

"You—you mean against *his* will?" she said hesitatingly.

Leah pressed the hand that she held. The recollection of Tremaine's words now keenly recurred to her.

"Oh, Mrs. Forbes," she answered, every trace of her customary secure reserve having fled, and a fervent, sincere cordiality replacing it, "I don't know if I am not unwarrantably officious! I expected that you were going to snub me, and I shouldn't have minded it if you had! But, yes, really, I *do* mean against his will, since you *ask* my meaning. I would not stand being made—oh, well," she suddenly broke off, "I can't say it! We have got to be very good friends, of course, in this little bit of a time—but still I can't say it! You can understand, if you choose." Here the speaker looked as grim as her fine-cut and clear-lined face would permit. "And upon my word," she pronounced, with her voice as gutturally bass as she could make its naturally soft tones, "I do hope that you *will* understand!"

"I think that I do understand," said Mrs. Forbes.

Leah had not heard her speak with anything like this decisiveness before. The new tone startled her.

Just after having dined with her mother Leah found, on going to her room, a large knot of fresh pink roses waiting on her dressing-table. The bouquet was shaped with perfect skill for a corsage. She fixed it in the bosom of her white dress, knowing well who had sent it. Mrs. Romilly also knew. Mother and daughter dressed together, almost in silence.

"By the way," said Leah, when they

were both about to go downstairs, "did Rainsford speak of accompanying us?"

Mrs. Romilly's face flushed a little. She was clad in a robe of filmy black, whose sombreness Leah had insisted on relieving with a few of her large pink, gauzy-petaled roses.

"Leah," she murmured, "how can you expect *that*?"

Leah tossed her head.

"I don't expect it," she answered. An instant later her eyes, which had got an excited spark in their velvety brown, wandered toward her mother. And then she went straight toward Mrs. Romilly and put both arms round the lady's neck.

"You're a perfect picture!" she exclaimed. "I never saw you look so bewilderingly handsome. Kiss me!"

Her fresh red lips were within an inch of her mother's, but she held her light-some, flower-like head obstinately backward, waiting for the kiss to be given. Mrs. Romilly gave it, with a faint sigh that Leah's quick, gay laugh might have drowned to the girl's own ears.

"You'll have a splendid time," she exclaimed. "I know you'll be admired. I expect to be. And I made you come with me, poor, dear mamma, didn't I? I got the best of you. That is the way of the world; the little people always get the best of the great ones, I begin to think. . . . But you'll have a splendid time, as I said. . . . I *intend* to have one myself."

Leah did. The ball, on this evening, was especially brilliant in the way of patrician attendance. Mrs. Abbott Fortescue was there, loudly but becomingly dressed in a gown of some yellow-and-black tissue that suited her tawny complexion beyond cavil. But Tremaine was not at Mrs. Fortescue's side. He adhered devotedly to Leah, who refused to dance with him.

"I don't dance at all," she told him with positiveness. "I never could learn, and I shall never try to learn any more."

"Dancing is a frightful bore," he said. "I am so glad you hate it. I do."

"I don't hate it," said Leah, looking at the forms, masculine and feminine, which were moving across the waxed floor. "I think it is charming to be able to dance. I envy those who can."

"A swan walks ungracefully," said Tremaine, having a smile in his dark-blue eyes which his mouth, shaded with its long blond mustache, gave no sign of. "She can only swim."

"Please don't call me a swan," said Leah, with arch impatience. "I don't like it. It is so near being called a goose."

"Oh, I didn't call you so," returned Tremaine. "Somebody whispered it just now. Shall I tell you who? It was the great Mrs. Chichester—the reigning power, one might say, of both Newport and New York. And I don't know how many men," he went on, "have asked to be presented. I've promised them all that I would get your permission. Do you grant it? I wish you would say 'no,' but I am very much afraid you will say 'yes.'"

Leah creased her straight white brows reflectively. "I want to see how mamma is getting on," she said, turning her head swiftly away from her companion, "before I either consent or refuse."

She saw her mother, seated in a portion of the large ball-room that was reserved for dowagers and non-dancers generally, in converse with a white-haired, sweet-faced lady, who seemed glad of her society.

"With whom is mamma talking?" she asked of Tremaine.

"With Mrs. Lydia Holt Morrison," he at once answered.

Leah recognized the name. "Oh, yes," she said. "Mamma knew that she lived in Newport—or somewhere near. They met years ago. She always wanted to meet her again. I know all about her; mamma has told me. I am so glad that they have got together. I assured her that she was to have a splendid time. . . . Well, on the whole, I conclude that I will let you introduce those gentlemen." She said it with a laugh of almost insolent condescension. He thought how exquisite she looked, too, as she said it, with her half-curled lip and her softly flashing eyes under the dense, back-drawn gold of her hair. . . .

A little later she was the centre of quite a throng of gentlemen. She found some of them tiresomely stupid, and almost told them so, with her ready speech, full of apt

utterance and easy repartee. But others she found attractive, and bent on these her most indulgent smiles.

Tremaine presently dropped away from her. He was irritated at her wish to know other men. "She is already a great belle," he thought. "It was certain to happen. The men are flocking about her like sheep. One presents another." He repressed an inward oath of discontent. He was ready at oaths when annoyed and sure that no woman overheard him.

He went out on the big porch, where a breeze was blowing, and where people were moving about.

Suddenly, a very familiar voice met his ear. He started, and saw Mrs. Abbott Fortescue standing quite near him, in the dusk. Her olive skin and her black-and-yellow braveries harmonized well; but even in the dusk Tremaine's eye could see that she was both pale and angry.

"You're alone?" he said, still more annoyed, not knowing what to say.

"Yes; I saw you leave the ball-room," Mrs. Fortescue answered. Her black eyes were riveted on his face, "I slipped away to meet you. It was my only chance. You have not spoken to me this evening. You drove this afternoon with that girl. What does it mean?"

They were standing together now in a very obscure portion of the spacious and shadowy place.

Tremaine looked sullenly, even defiantly, at the woman who thus addressed him.

"It means anything you choose," he said. "It means that I am tired."

"Tired!" she repeated, drawing back from him a little.

"No," he answered, with a sudden, sinister gaiety, "not a bit of it! I'm refreshed! I shall ask Leah Romilly to be my wife before an hour has passed. She will refuse, of course. But that will not matter. It will prepare the way for my acceptance hereafter. It's time I married. And I mean to marry *her*."

"You mean to marry *her*?" said Mrs. Fortescue, very softly, looking at him intently, in the dimness, with her black eyes, that now seemed to burn his own gaze as they met it.

"Yes."

As Tremaine uttered the word, he turned courtesy toward a woman that this act was, on his heel and passed once more into the in its way, fatefully momentous. bright-lit ball-room.

He so rarely committed the least dis-

EDGAR FAWCETT.

[To be Continued.]

## THE APPEAL TO HAROLD.\*

Haro! Haro!  
 Judge now betwixt this woman and me,  
 Haro!  
 She leaves me bond, who found me free.  
 Of love and hope she hath drained me dry—  
 Yea, barren as a drought-struck sky;  
 She hath not left me tears for weeping,  
 Nor will my eyelids close in sleeping.  
 I have gathered all my life's-blood up—  
 Haro!  
 She hath drunk and thrown aside the cup.  
 Shall she not give me back my days?  
 Haro!  
 I made them perfect for her praise.  
 There was no flower in all the brake  
 I found not fairer for her sake;  
 There was no sweet thought I did not fashion  
 For aid and servant to my passion.  
 Labor and learning worthless were,  
 Haro!  
 Save that I made them gifts for her.  
 Shall she not give me back my nights?  
 Haro!  
 Give me sweet sleep for brief delights?  
 Lo! in the night's wan mid I lie,  
 And ghosts of hours that are dead go by:  
 Hours of a love that died unshriven;  
 Of a love in change for my honor given:  
 She caressed and slew my soul's white truth,  
 Haro!  
 Shall she not give me back my youth?  
 Haro! Haro!  
 Tell thou me not of a greater judge,  
 Haro!  
 It is he who hath my sin in grudge.  
 Yea, from God I appeal to thee;  
 God hath not part or place for me.  
 Thou who hast sinned, judge thou my sinning:  
 I have staked my life for a woman's winning.  
 She hath stripped me of all save remembering—  
 Haro!  
 Right thou me, right thou me, Harold the King!

H. C. BUNNER.

\* The right of appeal to Harold of Normandy was like the Roman citizen's right of appeal to Cæsar. The cry of "Haro!" was the invocation that called him to protect or to avenge the wronged.

## CREATION OR EVOLUTION? A PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY.

### I.

MAN finds himself in the universe a conscious and thinking being. He has to account to himself for his own existence. He is impelled to this by an irresistible propensity, which is constantly leading him to look both inward and outward for an answer to the questions, What am I? How came I to be? What is the limit of my existence? Is there any other being in the universe between whom and myself there exists the relation of creator and creature?

The whole history of the human mind, so far as we have any reliable history, is marked by this perpetual effort to find a first cause. However wild and fantastic may be the idea which the savage conceives of a being stronger and wiser than himself; however groveling and sensual may be his conception of the form, or attributes or action of that being, he is, when he strives after the comprehension of his deity, engaged in the same intellectual effort that is made by the most civilized and cultivated of mankind, when, speculating upon the origin of the human soul, or its relations to the universe, or the genesis of the material world, they reach the sublime conception of an infinite God, the creator of all other spiritual existences and of all the forms of animal life, or when they end in the theory that there is no God, or in that other theory which supposes that what we call the creation, man included, is an evolution out of primordial matter, which has been operated upon by certain fixed laws, without any special interposition of a creating power, exerted in the production of the forms of animal life that now inhabit this earth or ever have inhabited it. In the investigation of these contrasted theories, it is necessary to remember that the faculties of the human mind are essentially the same in all conditions of civilization or barbarism; that they differ only in the

degree of their growth, activity and power of reasoning; and, therefore, that there must be a common standard to which to refer all beliefs. The sole standard to which we can refer a belief in any thing is its rationality; or a comparison between that which is believed and that which is most probable, according to the power of human reason to weigh probabilities. In the untutored and uncultivated savage this power, although it exists, is still very feeble; partly because it is exercised upon only a few objects, and partly because the individual has comparatively but little opportunity to know all the elements which should be taken into account in determining a question of moral probabilities. In the educated and cultivated man this power of judging probabilities, of testing beliefs by their rationality, is carried, or is capable of being carried, to the highest point of development, so as to comprehend in the calculation the full elements of the question, or at least to reduce the danger of some fatal omission to the minimum. It is, of course, true that the limited range of our faculties may prevent a full view of all the elements of any question of probability, even when our faculties have attained the highest point of development experienced by the age in which we happen to live. This renders the rationality of any hypothesis less than an absolutely certain test of truth. But this rationality is all that we have to apply to any question of belief; and if we attend carefully to the fact that moral probabilities constitute the groundwork of all our beliefs, and note the mental processes by which we reach conclusions upon any question depending upon evidence, we shall find reason to regard this power of testing beliefs by a conformity between the hypothesis and that which is most probable, to be the most glorious attitude of the human understanding, as it is unquestionably



the safest guide to which we can trust ourselves.

It may be that while philosophers will not object to my definition of rationality, churchmen will ask what place I propose to assign to authority in the formation of beliefs. I answer in the first place that I am seeking to make myself understood by plain but intelligent and reflecting people. Such persons will perceive that what I mean by the rationality of a belief in any hypothesis is its fitness to be accepted and acted upon because it has in its favor the strongest probabilities of the case, so far as we can grasp those probabilities. I know of no other foundation for a belief in anything; for belief is the acceptance by the mind of some proposition, statement or supposed fact, the truth of which depends upon evidence addressed to our senses or to our intellectual perceptions, or to both. In the next place, in regard to the influence of authority over our beliefs, it is to be observed that the existence of the authority is a question to be determined by evidence, and this question, therefore, of itself involves an application of the test of rationality, or conformity with what is probable. But assuming that the authority is satisfactorily established for some minds, it is not safe to leave all minds to the teaching of that authority, without the aid of the reasoning, which, independent of all authority, would conduct to the same conclusion. There are many minds to whom it is useless to say you are commanded to believe. The question instantly arises, commanded by whom or what? and if the answer is, by the Church, or by the Bible, and the matter is left to rest upon that statement, there is great danger of unbelief. It is apparent that a large amount of what is called infidelity, or unbelief, now prevailing in the world, is due to the fact that men are told that they are commanded to believe, as if they were to be passive recipients of what is asserted, and because so little is addressed to their understandings.

I do not wish to be understood as maintaining that there is no place for authority in matters of what is called religious belief. I am quite sensible that there may be such a thing as authority even in regard to our beliefs; that it is quite within the range

of possibilities that there should be such a relation between the human soul and an infinite Creator, as to require the creature to accept by faith whatever a proved revelation requires that intelligent creature to believe. But aside from the fact that what is specially called revealed religion is addressed to an intelligent creature to whom the revelation itself must be proved by some evidence that will satisfy the mind, there is an evident necessity for treating the rationality of a belief in God as an independent question. In some way, by some process, we must reach a belief in the existence of a being, before we can consider the claims of a message which that being is supposed to have sent to us. What we have to work with, before we can approach the teaching of what is called revealed religion, is the mind of man and the material universe. Do these furnish us with the rational basis for a belief in God?

And here, of course, I shall be expected to say what I mean by a belief in God. I have neither so little reverence for what I myself believe in, nor so little respect for my readers, as to offer them anything but the common conception of God. All that it is necessary for me to do in order to put my own mind in contact with that of the reader is to express my conception of God just as it would be expressed by anyone who is accustomed to think of the being called God by the Christian, the Jew, the Mohammedan, or by some other branches of the human race. These different divisions of mankind may differ in regard to some of the attributes of the Deity, or his dealings with men, or the history or course of his government of the world. But what is common to them all is a belief in God as the Supreme Being, who is self-existing and eternal, by whose will all things and all other beings were created, who is infinite in power and wisdom and in goodness and benevolence. As an intellectual conception, this idea of a Supreme Being, one only God, who never had a beginning and can have no end, and who is the creator of all other beings, excludes, of course, the polytheism of the ancient civilized nations or that of the present barbarous tribes; and it especially excludes the idea of what the Greeks called Destiny, which

was a power that governed the gods as well as the human race, and was anterior and superior to Jove himself. The simple conception of the one God, held by the Christian, the Jew, or the Mohammedan as the First Cause of the universe and all that it embraces, creating all things and all other beings by his will, in contrast with the modern idea that they came into existence without the volition of a conscious and intelligent being making special creations, is what I present to the mind of the reader.

This idea of God, as a matter of belief, presents, I repeat, a question of moral probabilities. The existence of the universe has to be accounted for. It will be, it must be accounted for somehow. We cannot shut out this inquiry from our thoughts. The human being who never speculates, never thinks, upon the origin of his own soul, or upon the genesis of this wondrous frame of things external to himself, or upon his relations to some superior being, is a very rare animal. If he is much more than an animal, he will have some ideas of these things; and the theories by which some of the most cultivated and acute intellects of our race, from the widest range of accumulated physical facts and phenomena yet gathered, have undertaken to account for the existence of species without referring them to the volition of an infinite creator, are at once a proof of the universal pressure of the question of creation upon the human mind and of the logical necessity for treating it as a question dependent upon evidence and probability.

I lay out of consideration now the longing of the human mind to find a personal God and Creator. This sentiment, this yearning for an infinite father, this feeling of loneliness in the universe without the idea of God, is certainly an important moral factor in the question of probability; but I omit it now from the number of proofs, because it is a sentiment, and because I wish to subject the belief in God as the Creator to the cold intellectual process by which we may discover a conformity between that hypothesis and the phenomena of the universe as a test of the probable truth. If such a conformity can be satisfactorily shown, and if the result of the

process, as conducted, can fairly claim to be that the existence of God the Creator has by far the highest degree of probability, above and beyond all other hypotheses that have been resorted to to account for our existence, the satisfaction of a moral feeling of the human heart may well become a source of happiness, a consolation in all the evils of this life and a support in the hour of death.

But in this preliminary essay I ought to state what I understand to be the scientific hypothesis or hypotheses with which I propose to contrast the idea of God as the creator of species, by applying the test of probability. To discuss the superior claims of one hypothesis over another, without showing that there is a real conflict between them, would be to set up a man of straw for the sake of knocking it down, as if it were a living and real antagonist. What I desire to do is not to aim at a cheap victory by attacking something that does not call for opposition; but it is to ascertain first whether there is now current any explanation or hypothesis concerning the origin of the world, or anything that it contains, which rejects the idea of God as the creator of that which we know to exist and as it exists, and then to ascertain which of the two hypotheses ought to be accepted as the truth, because it has in its favor the highest attainable amount of probability. There is an amount of probability which becomes to us a moral demonstration, because our minds are so constituted that conviction depends upon the completeness with which the evidence in favor of one hypothesis excludes the other from the category of rational beliefs.

I pass by the common sort of infidelity which rejects the idea of an intelligent creator acting in any manner whatever, whether by special creations or by laws of development operating on some primordial form of animal life. But among the modern scientists who have propounded explanations of the origin of species, I distinguish those who do not, as I understand, deny that there was an intelligent creator by whose will some form of animal life was originally called into being, but who maintain that the diversified forms of animal life which we now see were not brought

into being by the special will of the Creator as we now know them, but that they were evolved, by a process called natural selection, out of some lower type of animated organism. Of this class, the late Mr. Darwin is a representative. There is, however, at least one philosopher who carries the doctrine of evolution much farther, and who, if I rightly understand him, rejects any act of creation, even of the lowest and simplest type of animal existence. This is Mr. Herbert Spencer, a writer who, while he concurs in Mr. Darwin's general theory of natural selection as the process by which distinct organisms have been evolved out of other organisms, does not admit of any primal organism as the origin of the whole series of animals and as the creation of an intelligent will.

It will be appropriate hereafter to refer to the doctrine of evolution as a means of accounting for the existence of the human mind. At present it is only necessary to say that I understand it to be maintained as the hypothesis which has the highest attainable amount of evidence in its favor, that distinct species of animals are not a creation but a growth; and also that the mind of man is not a special creation of a spiritual existence, but a result of a long process by which organized matter has slowly worked itself from matter into intellect. Wherever, for instance, these scientists may place the non-human primate out of which man has been evolved by what is called natural selection, and whether they do or do not assume that the primate was a creation of an intelligent will, they do not, as I understand, claim that the primate was endowed with what we call intellect. So that at some time there was a low form of animal life without intellect, but intellect became evolved in the long course of countless ages, by the process of natural selection, through the improving condition and better organization of that low animal which had no intellect. In other words, we have what the scientist calls the non-human primate, a low form of animal without intellect, but capable of so improving its own physical organization as to create for itself and within itself that essence which we recognize as the human mind. Here, then, there is certainly a

theory, a hypothesis, which may be and must be contrasted with the idea that the mind of man is a spiritual essence created by the volition of some other being having the power to create such existences, and put into a temporary union with a physical organization, by the establishment of a mysterious connection which makes the body the instrument of the soul so long as the connection exists. If I have stated correctly the theory which assigns the origin of the human mind to the process of evolution, I have assuredly not set up a man of straw. I stand confronted with a hypothesis which directly encounters the idea that the human intellect is a creation, in the sense of a direct, intelligent, conscious and purposed production of a special character; as the human mind and hand, in the production of whatever is permitted to finite capacities, purposely creates some new and independent object of its wishes, its desires, or its wants. The human mind, says the scientist, was not created by a spiritual being as a spiritual existence, independent of matter, but it grew out of matter, that was at first so organized that it did not manifest what we call intellect, but that could so improve its own organization as to evolve out of matter what we know as mind.

And here I lay out of view entirely the comparative dignity of man, as a being whose existence is to be accounted for by the one hypothesis or the other, because this comparative dignity is not properly an element in the question of probability. The doctrine of evolution, as expounded by Darwin and other modern scientists, may be true, and we shall still have reason to exclaim with Hamlet, "What a piece of work is man!"

On the other hand, the hypothesis that man is a special creation of an infinite workman, if true, does not enhance the mere *a priori* dignity of the human race. It may, and it will hereafter appear that it does, establish the moral accountability of man to a Supreme Being; a relation which, if I correctly understand the doctrine of evolution, is left out of the system that supposes intellect to be evolved out of the improving process by which matter becomes nervous organization, whose action

exhibits those manifestations which we call mind. The moral accountability of man to a Supreme Being may, if it becomes established by proper evidence, be a circumstance that distinguishes him from other animals, and may, therefore, raise him in the scale of being. But, then, this dignity is a fact that comes after the process of reasoning has shown the relation of Creator and creature, and it should not be placed, at the beginning of the process, among the proofs that are to show that relation. Mr. Darwin, in concluding his great work, "The Descent of Man," which he maintains to have been from some very low type of animated creature through the apes, who became our ancestors, and who were developed into the lowest savages, and finally into the civilized man, has anticipated that his theory will, he regrets to say, be highly distasteful to many; and he adds, by way of parrying this disgust, that "he who has seen a savage in his native land will not feel much shame if forced to acknowledge that the blood of some more humble creature flows in his veins." For his own part, he adds, he would as soon be descended from a certain heroic little monkey, who exposed himself to great danger in order to save the life of his keeper, as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers bloody sacrifices, practices infanticide, etc., etc. Waiving for the present the question whether the man who is called civilized is necessarily descended from or through the kind of savage whom Mr. Darwin saw in the Terra del Fuego, or whether that kind of a savage is a deteriorated off-shoot from some higher human creatures that possessed moral and intellectual characteristics of a more elevated nature, I freely concede that this question of the dignity of our descent is not of much logical consequence. However distasteful to us may be the idea that our direct ancestors include the apes, and that their direct ancestors are to be traced to some more humble creature, until we reach the lowest form of organized and animated matter, the dignity of our human nature is not to be reckoned among the probabilities by which our existence is to be accounted for. It is, in this respect, like the feeling, or sentiment, which prompts us to

wish to find an infinite Creator, the Father of our spirits and the Creator of our bodies. As a matter of reasoning, we must prove to ourselves, by evidence that satisfies the mind, that God exists. Having reached this conviction, the belief in his existence becomes a vast and inestimable treasure. But our wish to believe in God does not help us to attain that belief. In the same way our feeling about the dignity of man, the nobleness or ignobleness of our descent from or through one kind of creature or another, may be a satisfaction or a dissatisfaction after we have reached a conclusion, but it affords us no aid in arriving at a satisfactory conclusion from properly chosen premises.

And here in advance of the tests which I shall endeavor to apply to the existence of God and the existence of man as a special creation, I desire to say something respecting the question of a logical antagonism between science and religion. I have often been a good deal puzzled to make out what those well-meaning persons suppose who unwarily admit that there is no necessary antagonism between what modern science teaches and what religion teaches. Whether there is or is not depends upon what we mean by science and religion. If by science we understand the investigation of nature, or a study of the structure and conditions of everything that we can subject to the observation of our senses, and the deduction of certain hypotheses from what we observe, then we must compare the hypotheses with the teachings or conclusions which we derive from religion. The next question therefore is, What is religion? If we make it consist in the Mosaic account of the creation or other teachings of the Bible concerning God, we shall find that we have to deal with more or less conflict between the interpretations that are put upon a record supposed to have been inspired and some of the conclusions of recent science. But if we lay aside what is commonly understood by revealed religion, which supposes a special communication from a superior to an inferior being of something which the former desires the latter to know after the latter has been for some time in existence, then we mean

by religion that belief in the existence of a superior being which we derive from the exercise of our reasoning powers upon whatever comes within the cognizance of our senses and upon our own intellectual faculties. In other words, for what we call natural religion we look both outward and inward in search of a belief in a supreme being. We look outward because the whole universe is a vast array of facts, from which conclusions are to be drawn; and among this array of facts is the construction of our bodies. We look inward because our own minds present another array of facts, from which conclusions are to be drawn. Now, if the conclusions which the scientist draws from the widest observation of nature, including the human mind itself, fail to account for the existence of the mind of man, and natural religion does account for it, there is an irreconcilable conflict between science and religion. I cannot avoid the conviction that Mr. Darwin has missed the point of this conflict. "I am aware," he says, "that the conclusions arrived at in this work will be denounced by some as highly irreligious; but he who denounces them is bound to show why it is more irreligious to explain the origin of man as a distinct species by descent from a lower form through the laws of variation and natural selection, than to explain the birth of the individual through the laws of ordinary reproduction." I do not understand him by the term "religious" or "irreligious" to refer to anything that involves praise or blame for adopting one hypothesis rather than another. I suppose he meant to say that a belief in his theory of the descent of man is no more inconsistent with a belief in God, than it is to believe that the individual is brought into being through the operation of the laws of ordinary reproduction which God has established. This would be strictly true if the hypothesis of man's descent as a distinct species from some lower form accounted for his existence by proofs that satisfy the rules of evidence by which our beliefs ought to be, and must be determined. In that case there would be no inconsistency between his hypothesis and that to which natural religion conducts

us. On the other hand, if the Darwinian hypothesis fails to establish a relation between the soul of man as a special creation and a competent creator, then the antagonism between that hypothesis and natural religion is direct, immediate and irreconcilable; for the essence of religion consists in that relation, and a belief in that relation is what we mean, or ought to mean, by religion.

There is another form in which Mr. Darwin has deprecated the idea of any antagonism between his theory and our religious ideas; but it has the same logical defect as the suggestion which I have just considered, because it involves the same assumption. It is true that he puts it argumentatively and hypothetically, but it is still an assumption lacking the very element of supreme probability that can alone give it force. "Man," he observes, "may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, not through his own exertions to the very summit of the organic scale; and the fact of his having so risen, instead of being aboriginally placed there, may give him some hope for a still higher destiny in the distant future." I certainly would not misrepresent, and I earnestly desire to understand this very eminent writer. It is a little uncertain whether he here refers to the hope of immortality, or of an existence after the connection between our minds and our bodies is dissolved, or whether he refers to a further elevation of man on this earth in the distant future of terrestrial time. If he referred to the hope of an existence after what we call death, then he ought to have shown that his theory is compatible with such a continued existence of the soul of man. It will be one of the points on which I propose to bestow some attention, that the doctrine of evolution is entirely incompatible with the existence of the human soul for one instant after the brain has ceased to act as an organism and death has wholly supervened, because that doctrine, if I understand it rightly, regards the intellect of man as a high development of what in other animals is called instinct, and instinct as a confirmed and inherited habit of animal organisms to act in a certain way. If this is a true philosophical



account of the origin and nature of intellect, it can have no possible individual existence after the organ called the brain, which has been in the habit of acting in a certain way, has perished, any more than there can be a digestion of food after the stomach or other assimilating organ has been destroyed. If, on the contrary, the mind of man is a special creation of a spiritual essence, placed in an intimate union with the body for a temporary period, and made to depend for a time on the organs of that body as its means of manifestation and the exercise of its spiritual faculties, then it is conceivable that this union may be severed and the mind may survive. Not only is this conceivable, but as I shall endeavor hereafter to show, the proof of it rises very high in the scale of probability; so high that we may accept it as a fact just as confidently as we accept many things of which we cannot have absolute certainty.

And here I think it needful, although not for all readers but for the great majority, to lay down the rules of evidence which necessarily govern our beliefs. I do so because, in reading the works of many of the modern scientists who have espoused the Darwinian doctrine of evolution, I find that the rules of evidence are but little observed. There is a very great, often an astonishingly great, accumulation of facts or of assumed facts. It is impossible not to be impressed by the learning, the industry and the range of these writers. Nor would I in the least impugn their candor, or question their accuracy as witnesses of facts which, in many cases, I am not competent to dispute, if I were disposed to do so. But there is one thing for which I may suppose myself competent. I have through a long life been accustomed to form conclusions upon facts; and this is what every person does, and must do, who is asked to accept a new theory or hypothesis of any kind upon any subject.

Most of our beliefs depend upon what is called circumstantial evidence. There are very few propositions which address themselves to our belief upon one direct and isolated proof. We may class most of the perceptions of our senses among the simple and unrelated proofs which we accept without hesitation, although there is more or

less of an unconscious and instantaneous process of reasoning through which we pass before the evidence of our senses is accepted and acted upon. Then there are the mathematical truths to which we yield an instant assent as soon as we perceive the connection in the steps of the demonstration. Besides these, there are many propositions which, although they involve moral reasoning, have become axioms about which we do not care to inquire, but which we assume to have been so repeatedly and firmly established that it would be a waste of time to go over the ground again whenever they come up. But there is a very large class of propositions which address themselves to our belief, which do not depend on a single perception through our senses, and are not isolated facts, and are not demonstrable by mathematical truth, and are not axioms accepted because they were proved long ago and have by general consent been adopted into the common stock of ideas. The class of beliefs with which the rules of circumstantial evidence are concerned are those where the truth of the proposition or hypothesis, is a deduction from many distinct facts, but the coexistence of which facts leads to the inevitable conclusion that the proposition or hypothesis is true. We cannot tell why it is that moral conviction is forced upon us by the coexistence of certain facts and their tendency to establish a certain conclusion. All we know is that our minds are so constituted that we cannot resist the force of circumstantial evidence, if we suffer our faculties to act as reason has taught them. But then, in any given case, whether we ought to yield our belief in anything where we have only circumstantial evidence to guide us, there are certain rules to be observed.

The first of these rules is, that every fact in a collection of proofs from which we are to draw a certain inference, must be proved independently by direct evidence, and must not be itself a deduction from some other fact. This is the first step in the process of arranging a chain of moral evidence. There is a maxim in this branch of the law of evidence, that you cannot draw an inference from an inference. In other words, you cannot infer a fact from the existence of some other fact, and then unite the former



with two or more still independent facts to make a chain of proofs. Every link in the chain must have its separate existence, and its existence must be established by the same kind and degree of evidence as if it were the only thing to be proved.

The next rule is to place the several facts, when so proved, in their proper relation to each other in the group from which the inference is to be drawn. In circumstantial evidence a fact may be established by the most direct and satisfactory proofs, and yet it may have no relation to other facts with which you attempt to associate it. For example, suppose it to be proved that A., on a certain occasion, bought a certain poison, and that soon after B. died of that kind of poison; but it does not appear that A. and B. were ever seen together or stood in any relation to each other. The fact that A. bought poison would have no proper relation to the other fact that B. died of that kind of poison. But introduce by independent evidence the third fact that A. knew B. intimately, and then add the fourth fact that A. had a special motive for wishing B.'s death, and you have some ground for believing that A. poisoned B., although no human eye ever saw the poison administered.

From this correlation of all the facts in a body of circumstantial evidence, there follows a third rule, namely, that the whole collection of facts, in order to justify the inference sought to be drawn from them, must be consistent with that inference. Thus, the four facts above supposed are entirely consistent with the hypothesis that A. poisoned B. But leave out the two intermediate facts, or leave out the last one, and B. might as well have been poisoned by C. as by A.

Hence there is a fourth rule; that the collection of facts from which an inference is to be drawn must not only be consistent with the probable truth of that inference, but they must exclude the probable truth of any other inference. Thus, not only must it be shown that A. bought poison, that B. died of poison, that A. was intimate with B, and had a motive for wishing B.'s death, but to justify a belief in A.'s guilt, the motive ought to be shown

to have been so strong as to exclude the moral probability that B. was poisoned by some one else, or poisoned himself.

It is in the application of these rules that in courts of justice the minds of jurymen often become perplexed with doubts which they cannot account for, or else they yield a too easy credence to the guilt of the accused when the question of guilt depends upon circumstantial evidence.

I shall not spend much time in contending that the rules of evidence must be applied to scientific investigations which are to affect our belief in such a proposition as the descent of man from the monkey. This is not only a hypothesis depending upon circumstantial evidence, but it is professedly a deduction from a great range of facts and from a very complex state of facts. In reasoning upon such subjects, when the facts which constitute the chain of circumstantial evidence are very numerous, we are apt to regard their greater comparative number as if it dispensed with a rigid application of the rules of determination. Everyone can see, in the illustration above employed, borrowed from criminal jurisprudence, that the facts which constitute the chain of circumstantial evidence ought to be rigidly tested by the rules of determination before the guilt of the accused can be safely drawn as a deduction from the facts. But in reasoning from physical facts to any given physical hypothesis, where the facts are very numerous, there is a strong tendency to relax the rules of evidence, because the greater the accumulation of supposed facts becomes, the greater is the danger of placing in the chain of evidence something that is not proved, and thus the whole process is liable to be vitiated. To this tendency, which I have observed to be very frequent among scientists, I should apply, without meaning any disrespect, the term invention. A great accumulation of facts is made, following one another in a certain order; all those which precede a certain intermediate link are perhaps duly and independently proved, and the same may be the case with those which follow that link. But there is no proof of the fact that constitutes the link and makes a complete chain of evidence. This vacuity of proof,

if one may use such an expression, is constantly occurring in the writings of naturalists, and is often candidly admitted. It is gotten over by reasoning from the antecedent and the subsequent facts that the intermediate fact must have existed; and then the reasoning goes on to draw the inference of the principal hypothesis from a chain of proof in which a necessary intermediate link is itself a mere inference from facts which may be just as consistent with the non-existence as with the existence of the supposed intermediate link. In such cases we are often told very frankly that no one has yet discovered that the intermediate link ever actually existed; that the researches of science have not yet reached demonstrative proof of the existence of a certain intermediate animal or vegetable organization; that geological exploration has not yet revealed to us all the specimens of the animal or vegetable kingdoms that may have inhabited this globe at former periods of time; but that the analogies which lead down or lead up to that undiscovered link in the chain are such that it must have existed, and that we may confidently expect that the actual proof of it will be found hereafter. The difficulty with this kind of reasoning is that it borrows from the main hypothesis which one seeks to establish the means of showing the facts from which the hypothesis is to be drawn as an inference.

Thus, for example, the hypothesis is that the species called man is a highly developed animal formed by a process of natural selection that went on for unknown ages among the individuals of a species called the anthropomorphous apes. The facts in the physical organization and mental manifestations of the animal called man, when viewed historically through all the conditions in which we know anything of this species, lead up to his supposed ancestor the ape. The facts in the physical organization and instinctive habits of the ape, when viewed historically through all the conditions in which we know anything of his species, show that he too was evolved by the process of natural selection out of a very low form of animated organization through countless periods of time. Intermediate between

the man and the monkey, and intermediate between the monkey and his primordial natural-selection ancestor or predecessor, there are links in the chain of proof of which we have no evidence, and which must be supplied by inferring their existence from the analogies which we can trace in comparing things of which we have some satisfactory proof. Thus the main hypothesis, the theory of natural selection as the explanation of the existence of distinct species of animals, is not drawn from a completed chain of established facts, but it is helped out by inferring from facts that are proved other facts that are not proved, but which we have reason to expect will be discovered hereafter. I need not say that this kind of argument will not do in the common affairs of life, and that no good reason can be shown why our beliefs in matters of science should be made to depend upon it.

We do not rest our belief in what is called the law of gravitation upon any chain of proof in which it is necessary to supply a link by assuming that it exists. The theory that bodies have a tendency to approach each other, that the larger mass attracts to itself the smaller by a mysterious force that operates through all space, is a deduction from a great multitude of perpetually recurring facts that are open to our observation, every one of which is proved by its own independent evidence, and no one of which is inferred from any other fact, while the whole excludes the moral probability that any other hypothesis will account for the phenomena which are constantly and invariably taking place around us.

This illustration of the rules of evidence when applied to scientific inquiries leads me to refer to one of the favorite dogmas of the evolution school. We are often told that it ought to be no objection to the doctrine of evolution that it is new, or startling, or contrary to other previous theories of the existence of species. We are reminded again and again that the first suggestion of the law of gravitation was scouted as an irreligious as well as an irrational hypothesis, and that the same reception attended the first promulgation of many scientific truths which no intelligent

and well-informed person now doubts. Then we have it asserted that the doctrine of evolution is now accepted by nearly all the most advanced and accomplished natural philosophers, especially those of the rising scientists who have bestowed most attention upon it. Upon this there are two things to be said:

*First.*—It is a matter of very little consequence that the learned of a former age did not attend to the proofs of the law of gravitation, or of any other new theory of physics, as they should have done, and that they consequently rejected it. Their habits of mind, their preconceived religious notions, and many other disturbing causes, rendered them incapable of correct reasoning on the particular subject, while they could reason with entire correctness on other subjects.

*Secondly.*—The extent to which a new theory is accepted by those whose special studies lead them to make the necessary investigations, does not dispense with the application of the laws of evidence to the facts which are supposed to establish the theory. The doctrine of evolution addresses itself not only to the scientific naturalist, but to the whole intelligent part of mankind. How is one who does not belong to this class of investigators to regulate his belief in the theory which they propound? Is he to take it on their authority? or is he, while he accords to their statements of facts all the assent which as witnesses they are entitled to expect from him, to apply to their deduction the same principles of belief that he applies to everything else which challenges belief, and to assent or dissent accordingly? No one, I presume, will question that the latter is the only way in which any new matter of belief should be approached. I have not supposed that any scientist questions this, but I have referred to the constant iteration that the doctrine of evolution is now generally admitted by men of science, that the assertion, supposing it to be true, may pass for just what it is worth. It is worth this and no more: That candid, truthful and competent witnesses, when they speak of facts that they have observed, are entitled to be believed as to the existence of those facts. When they assume facts which

they do not prove, but which are essential links in the chain of evidence, or when the facts which they do prove do not rationally exclude every other hypothesis excepting their own, the authority of even the whole body of such persons is of no more account than that of any other class of intelligent and cultivated men. In the ages when ecclesiastical authority exercised great power over the beliefs of men upon questions of physical science, the superiority was accorded to the authority which claimed it, and the scientist who propounded a new physical theory that did not suit the theologian was overborne. It seems to me that it is a tendency of the present age to substitute the authority of scientific experts in the place of the ecclesiastical authority of former periods, by demanding that something more than the office of witnesses of facts shall be accorded to them. We are told that it is a very important proof of the soundness of deductions that the deductions are drawn by the greater number of the specialists who have examined the facts. Sometimes this is carried so far as to imply presumption in those who do not yield assent to the theory, as if it ought to be accepted upon the authority of the experts whose proper office it is to furnish us with the facts, and whose deductions we have to examine upon the strength of their reasoning. Those of us who are not professors of the particular science may be charged with ignorance, or incapacity, if we do not join in the current of scientific opinion. But, after all, the new theory challenges our belief. If we examine it at all, we must judge of it, not by the numbers of those who propound or accept it, or by any amount of mere authority, but by the soundness of the reasoning by which its professors support it.

The reader is now informed of what he may expect to find discussed in these papers. It remains for me to indicate the mode in which the discussion will be carried on. I propose to divest my own mind and, so far as I may, to divest the mind of the reader of all influence from revealed religion. I shall not refer to the Mosaic account of the creation, excepting as I refer to other hypotheses. With its author-

ity as an account given by the Deity himself, through his chosen servant, I have here nothing to do. Nor shall I make any reference to the matters recorded in the New Testament. All the inquiries which I propose to make are those which lie in the domain of natural religion; and while I cannot expect, in exploring this domain, to make discoveries or to find arguments which can claim the merit of originality, I may avoid traveling in a well-beaten path, by pursuing the line of my own reflections without considering whether they coincide with or differ from the reasonings of others. Although, at a former period of my life, I have studied the great writers whose speculations in the science of natural theology are the most famous and important pieces in its literature, it is more than forty years since I have looked into one of them; and I do not propose to turn to them now, in order to see whether they have or have not left any traces in my mind. It is quite possible that critics may array against me the authority of some great name or names; but even if I am to be charged with presumption in entering upon this field, it will not be found, so far as I am conscious, that I have borrowed an argu-

ment, imitated a method, or followed an example.

It will be seen that I attach great importance to natural theology. I do not propose to write for the confirmed believers in revelation, on the one hand, who have become convinced by the evidence which supports revelation, or for those, on the other hand, who believe nothing and who have become confirmed in habits of thinking which unfit them for judging of the weight of evidence on such subjects as the existence of God and the creation of man. I write for that great mass of people of average intelligence, who do not understand accurately what the doctrine of evolution is, as expounded by its leading representatives, and who do not know to what it leads. It will be found that, in some respects, there is a distinction between the school of which Darwin is the representative, and the school which follows Spencer. It is to point out this distinction, and at the same time to show that both systems result in negations which put an end to the idea of immortality, and that the weight of evidence is against both of them, is what I propose to do.

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.

---

## Recent Literature.

Though more than threescore years and ten have passed since Cary gave to the world his translation of Dante, time has not diminished at all the high reputation which the version obtained immediately after its appearance. Executing with perfect fidelity, the translator has wonderfully succeeded in transferring the spirit of Dante's immortal work to our English speech, and critics, not given to enthusiasm, have even gone so far as to say, that Cary's "Dante" is the best translation ever made into English of any work. Certain it is that from no other version can an English reader derive so much enjoyment. What Cary has done for Dante, in the English language, Gustave Doré has done for him in the universal language of nature. The weird and sometimes horrible conceptions of Dante had a great fascination for Doré, and his fertile genius found a fitting field in the superhuman and extra-mundane scenes of the "Divina Commedia." Many persons are familiar

with a sumptuous presentation of Dante's *Purgatory and Paradise*\* in the translation of Cary, with the illustrations of Doré, published by Cassell & Company. A new edition of this work has just been issued. It is a large and sumptuous quarto, with the text printed in bold type, with a bountiful margin. The sixty full-page illustrations, after drawings by Doré, are a picture gallery of fascinating interest, and add greatly to the charm of the verse. Brief, judicious notes, at the foot of each page, all readers will find useful. And the entire book will be prized by every one who likes to have the masterpieces of literature in a form worthy of them.

---

\**Purgatory and Paradise*. Translated by the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, M.A., from the original of Dante Alighieri and illustrated with the designs of M. Gustave Doré. New edition, with critical and explanatory notes. Large quarto, pp. 337. Cassell and Company, Limited: New York, London and Paris.

A book which does no little credit to the industry and learning of the author, is an *Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture*,\* by Mr. Charles C. Perkins. Italian Sculpture ends in Mr. Perkins's work with the year 1600. It is only with what was produced before the latter date that he concerns himself. In an introduction he deals with sculpture in Northern, Southern, and Central Italy before its revival, about the middle of the thirteenth century. At the last-named date, when sculpture was almost at its lowest point, Nicola Pisano, an artist of extraordinary genius, appeared to give a start to the art, which attained such proportions under Michael Angelo. But the improvement during all these centuries was gradual, and all the chief towns of Italy contributed more or less to the improvement. An index to towns, at the end of Mr. Perkins's book, shows in how many places art was cultivated. Liberal space is awarded to Michael Angelo, who, Mr. Perkins thinks, did harm in his day and generation, because his peculiarities were especially marked and imitable, while his sublimity was unattainable by men of inferior stamp. His scholars aped his exaggerated development of form, without having that knowledge of anatomy, which alone saved it from being absurd. These scholars, "taking contorted limbs and impossible attitudes, which were signs of superabundant strength in their master, to be essential elements of the sublime, produced shapes simply monstrous and irredeemably bad." Mr. Perkins's style is attractive, and his goodly and well-made octavo has forty odd illustrations. Besides the index to towns, already mentioned, there is an index of artists' names, and the volume will be found equally useful and interesting.

The publishers of Longfellow's posthumous poem, *Michael Angelo*,† state that the poem was written mainly about ten years before his death, but was kept by him for occasional revision. It was printed, after his death, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and is now given complete and permanent shape for the first time. It had been the wish of Longfellow that this poem, when published as a book, should be accompanied by illustrations, and the publishers have carried out his desire with fidelity and artistic feeling. For mere book-making

and illustration, this publication is one of the rare works of the season. It is a large, graceful book, with bold and perfect type, and with pictures that are executed and engraved, as a rule, with delicacy and poetic spirit. It is certainly an agreeable task to say so much, to point out the beautiful kind of labor which has been bestowed, one might declare, with reverence, upon the last creation of a poet who continues to live in the affection of our people. There is a sort of extreme criticism which is not disposed to accept Longfellow with much gratitude. That criticism has discovered that he is neither particularly great, original, nor American. Longfellow, without doubt, had no lofty message for the souls and hearts of men. He was not a poet of strong imagination, insight or profundity. All this may be admitted readily. But he was a limpid and sweet singer, with a calm and steadfast philosophy—a practical moral philosophy—and with a clear meaning in his song. What he had to say was significant to a great many persons, to the mass of the world, indeed. He was the poet of the average man, who has trials and sorrows, laughter and tears. He was a comforter, a sympathetic observer and friend, a good Samaritan. But Longfellow was able to express his thought, his gentle and serene temper, in a lucid verse, whose charm is often like the rippling brightness of a stream, like the soft and colorful glow of dawn, or like the mellowness of moonlight. His style was not audacious; but it was persuasive. It is because he spoke so well that he was heard so clearly and with such pleasure. It is proper to look at Longfellow from a positive standard, and not to consider him assiduously with negative criticism.

Longfellow's charm of style is effectively heightened in this poem written during the final years of his life. There is no hard polish in these smooth, impeccable verses; the polish has softness and warmth, and may be compared rather with the night-shine of water than with the brilliancy of marble or agate. The poem is not inaccurately described as dramatic. It is not dramatic, that is to say, in its movement and episodes; but it is dramatic in its differentiation of characters, in the clearness of their presentation, and in their human outlining. The personages who are depicted are strong figures of history—Angelo, Vittoria Colonna, Julia Gonzaga, Fra Sebastiano, Benvenuto Cellini, Titian, Pope Julius III., Cardinal Ippolito, Cardinal Salviati, and three or four others who took part prominently in the

\* *Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture*. By Chas. C. Perkins, Corresponding Member of the French Institute. Illustrated. Octavo., pp. 432. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

† *Michael Angelo: a Dramatic Poem*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



life of a chaotic age—the age which followed the death of Raphael. The tone of the poem is meditative. It is the poem of one who has grown used to the thought of death, and who speaks his heart through a great type of artist and man. Yet Longfellow, it is felt, speaks justly through Angelo. The character, we mean, is not disturbed, not made unreal and untruthful. On the whole, Longfellow has succeeded imposingly with this character. Angelo is shown with quiet and beautiful simplicity. Longfellow has written no deeper verse, no verse with finer intellectual harmony in it, than Angelo's apostrophe to Dante. The splendid humanity of Angelo, his candid and fearless honesty, his absolute seriousness, his divine ambition, his hatred of fraud and flippancy, his profound sense of life and its purpose—all this is revealed with dignity and truth. The poem verges at moments upon didacticism; but no one will regret that Longfellow chose to write the fine, frank talks upon art which are found in the scenes with Angelo and Titian, Angelo and Cellini, Angelo and Sebastiano. Angelo urges Cellini to give up the poor business of "setting diamonds for the Pope of Rome;" he attempts to awaken his slothful friend, Fra Bastian, to a noble aspiration; he praises the coloring of Titian with that enthusiasm which artists are too seldom inclined to express toward one another. The episodes with Julia Gonzaga and Vittoria Colonna add a pathetic interest to the poem, which contains, it seems to us, much of the highest work accomplished by Longfellow.

The illustrations for the poem were made by S. L. Smith, Mrs. Houston, Walter Shirlaw, F. D. Millet, L. De Thulstrup, and other well-known artists. The engravers are masters of the craft, like Kruell, Juengling, Andrew, Bernstrom, and a dozen others. The frontispiece is a vigorous engraving, by Kruell, of a portrait of Michael Angelo. Mr. Millet does not seem to be happy in his work this time. He supplies three illustrations, all hard and marked by indifferent drawing. The best illustrations are those of Shirlaw, Hovenden and Ross Turner. The latter's "Venice at Night" is done with right feeling, and is engraved with wonderful effectiveness. The engraving of all the pictures is beautifully done, especially that of Kruell, whose masterly skill and fine artistic feeling here appear to great advantage. A few of the illustrators have failed to catch the real spirit of the poem. But, taken altogether, it is a rare collection of illustrations.

The readers of that beautiful monthly, *The Magazine of Art*, for a long time past have had the pleasure of perusing a series of papers on living artists of eminence—English, French and American—written by various hands and profusely illustrated. This series of papers has been collected in a nobly made quarto, under the title, *Some Modern Artists and their Work*.\* Thirty artists are included in the volume, which comprises such widely-known painters as Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Gilbert, Alma-Tadema, Erskine Nicol, Watts, Calderon, Boughton, and Mrs. Butler, in England; Rosa Bonheur, Munkacsy and Meissonier, in France; and Eastman Johnson and William H. Beard, in the United States. The papers on the two latter are by Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin. The interesting articles are supplemented by more than one hundred and fifty fine woodcuts, being portraits of the artists, the interior of some of their residences, and reproductions of some of their principal works. The luxury and splendor of the residences of several of the English artists show how well the successful artist is rewarded in that country. Moreover, the British painters take no little pleasure in making their canvases tell a clear and interesting story—a quality which some critics sneer at as merely the literary part of a picture, but which nevertheless takes a strong hold on the popular imagination. The frontispiece is a masterly etching, by Lalanze, from a painting by Erskine Nicol, depicting a "trio" of musical amateurs with rare force and quiet humor. This book has an increased value, from the fact that the earlier volumes of *The Magazine of Art*, in which some of the papers appeared, are now becoming scarce. The royal quarto will be a grand ornament to either library or drawing-room, and will be prized by all lovers of art as well as lovers of deeply interesting and richly illustrated books.

A book of much ingenuity and no little beauty, as well as particularly appropriate to the present season, is *The World's Christmas Hymn*.† The Hymn has forty-five stanzas, each taken from a different author, yet so combined as to give considerable unity to the whole. Among the forty-five authors are Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Ken,

\* *Some Modern Artists and their Work*. Edited by Wilfred Meynell. Cassell and Company, Limited: London, Paris and New York. All rights reserved. Quarto, pp. 244. 1883.

† *The World's Christmas Hymn: a Song of Songs*. Selected and arranged by William Hayes Ward and Susan Hayes Ward. Quarto, pp. 53. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.



Pope, Tennyson, Thackeray, Longfellow and Whittier. The stanzas have been selected and arranged by William Hayes Ward and Susan Hayes Ward. To illustrate these gracious singers, there are charming reproductions of twelve famous and masterly paintings by Raphael, Fra Angelico, Correggio, Ghirlandajo, Rubens and others. Both book and pictures are sumptuously printed, with a royal margin to the clear and elegant type. The heavy embossed cover, like that of an ancient missal, fitly incloses the attractive pages, and the whole is a Christmas memorial such as can hardly be matched elsewhere.

There are few more suggestive poems than *The Forging of the Anchor*,\* by Sir Samuel Ferguson. The long train of thought which follows from seeing an anchor forged is set forth in spirited verse. The little poem affords a good field for illustration, which has been well availed of in a just issued edition, on heavy paper and with every appliance of typographical luxury. Ten English artists have combined their invention, and the variety and excellence of their drawings are delightful. These drawings have been well interpreted by the engravers, and the little volume will make a very pretty Christmas gift.

The designs to illustrate *Shakespeare's Tempest*,† which Sir J. Noel Paton drew and engraved some forty years ago, have been combined with some compositions of his from Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," and published in a neat volume of drawing-book form. All these pictures are in outline, fifteen of them being made for the "Tempest" and twelve for the "Prometheus." The illustrations have printed opposite them appropriate text. Sir Noel was a better draughtsman of the figure than the face. The expression in which the countenances of those whom he depicts is lacking, is transferred in part to the limbs. In the female form he is especially happy, and the book will be found interesting by lovers both of Shakespeare and Shelley.

If such a person as Robin Hood ever lived—which is seriously doubted—surely his exploits ought to be told in language drawn from the Saxon fountains of our English

tongue. That Mr. Howard Pyle has a rich vocabulary of such words is apparent in *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*,\* which he has just given to the world. The adventures of the outlaw are told with all the sweetness and simplicity of the ancient ballads about him, and the narrative has an easy flow that gives a new charm to the venerable story. For this pleasant text, Mr. Pyle has drawn forty-nine illustrations, which have all the best qualities of his admirable pencil. In depicting scenes of bygone days he is always happy, and in the present case, availing himself of all the quaintness and picturesqueness to be derived from costumes of former centuries, he employs all the resources of his art and the richness of his invention to place before the eye the multifold adventures of Robin and his followers. The book is a handsome piece of book-making. Type and rubrical lines and cover have a suggestion of the antique in keeping with the subject-matter of the work, and the comely octavo will stand on the book-shelf of everyone who likes pleasant reading, enjoyable pictures and a volume which is clothed in a dress worthy of the contents.

Almost every one with the slightest smattering of books has heard of Abelard and Heloise, and Americans, not a few, have seen their tombs at Père-la-Chaise. Yet we venture to think that not many know the story of these unhappy lovers with any exactness. To such as are still ignorant of this romance of the Middle Ages, or even to those who know it well, may be commended a dainty little pocket volume, entitled *Abelard and Heloise*,† in which Mrs. Abbey Sage Richardson narrates with exquisite simplicity, grace and pathos, the history of the two unfortunate beings who loved not wisely but too well, and whose errors were atoned for by great sufferings. Certainly, no woman that ever lived has surpassed poor Heloise in her devotion, her love, and her loyalty to the object of her affections. The sympathy of mankind with her—a sympathy which has lasted for seven centuries—does honor to human nature. The personal narrative is found in what Mrs. Richardson calls an Introduction, which is followed

\* *The Forging of the Anchor*. A Poem. By Sir Samuel Ferguson, LL.D. Cassell and Company, Limited: London, Paris and New York. 1883.

† *Compositions from Shakespeare's Tempest*. Fifteen engravings in outline. By Sir J. Noel Paton. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo & Co.

\* *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood, of Great Renown in Nottinghamshire*. Written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. Octavo, pp. 366. New York: Printed by Charles Scribner's Sons, at Nos. 743 and 745 Broadway, and sold by same. MDCCCLXXXIII.

† *Abelard and Heloise*. A Mediæval Romance, with the Letters of Heloise. Edited by Abbey Sage Richardson. 18mo., pp. 144. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company. 1884.

by the letters of Heloise and Abelard in the excellent translation of Berington.

Anthologies of poetry are many in the land, and perhaps many persons, if consulted in advance, would have expressed doubt whether there was need of a collection of *English Verse*,\* just issued in five comely duodecimos. The editors of the collection are Messrs. W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard. The volumes are not numbered, and, we presume, are sold separately. For each volume Mr. Stoddard has written an introduction, and nothing designates the order of the volumes save the dates of these introductions. The several sub-titles of the volumes are: "From Chaucer to Burns;" "Lyrics of the XIXth Century;" "Dramatic Scenes and Characters;" "Ballads and Romances;" "Translations." Taking the volumes altogether, it will be found that the selections are better in some than in others. In the Lyrics Mr. Stoddard is by no means represented at his best, and the same may be said of several American poets. In the translations from the Spanish, nothing near so good is found as Mr. Stoddard's dainty versions of the Romances of Becquer, which have appeared in THE MANHATTAN. But the volume of translations is poorly selected altogether. Some of the best translators are omitted entirely. Its defects show either lamentable ignorance of the course of translation in the English language, or inexcusable carelessness. To cap the climax, the names of translators are not found either in the index or table of contents. Nevertheless, with all their shortcomings, the five volumes make a storehouse of excellent things, which, with full indexes of names and first lines, are easily got at. But the value of the books is much increased by the charming introductions by Mr. Stoddard. Especially delightful are the introductions to the volumes of Ballads and Translations. All of them, however, treating of a subject which the writer has long studied, are written *con amore*, with all the grace and ease of his practised pen. The books are well made, but a protest should be made against putting the titles at the head of the pages near the back, instead of in the middle of the page.

While much may be said of the injurious influences of a too exclusive reading of essays

and miscellaneous articles, it were hypercriticism to object to such compilations as *Prose Masterpieces*.\* Of the arrangement of these, the editor claims not only to have offered "good specimens of English style," but such as "should also be fairly characteristic of the methods of thought and manner of expression of the several writers." Among the selections are "The Mutability of Literature," by Irving; "The World of Books," by Leigh Hunt; Charles Lamb's "Imperfect Sympathies;" De Quincey's "Conversation;" Arnold's "Sweetness and Light;" Emerson's "Compensation," and the "Fallacies of Anti-Reformers," by Sydney Smith. The chief contents of the second volume are "My Winter Garden," by Kingsley; Ruskin's "Work;" Lowell's "Condescension in Foreigners," and Carlyle and Macaulay on History. In the last volume, five essays consume the pages, viz.: "The Science of History," Froude; "Race and Language," Freeman; "Kin Beyond the Sea," Gladstone; "Private Judgment," Newman, and Leslie Stephen's "Apology for Plain Speaking." To each essay is prefixed the dates of the birth and (if dead) of the death of the author, which is a very useful idea. We note a few typographical errors, which are too common in American books. In the first edition, the editor covered himself with anonymity, but to the second edition puts his initials—G. H. P.—George Havens Putnam.

At various times in the course of the last forty years there have been promises of the appearance of works tracing the course of music in this country. But all these projects have come to naught, and the first person to carry such a scheme into execution is Dr. Frederic Louis Ritter, an instructor at Vassar College. In his just issued *Music in America*,† he has narrated the progress of music in the United States from the earliest beginnings in Puritan psalmody to the present time. His task has been executed with much care, and he has shown commendable diligence in collecting the necessary matter. The book is sufficiently full to serve as a handbook, and a careful examination has not revealed any serious errors. Dr. Ritter is by no means a dull compiler. His style is vivacious, although his vivacity at times becomes flippancy. Thus he constantly speaks of New York

\* *English Verse*. Edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard. Chaucer to Burns, pp. 331; Lyrics of the XIXth Century, pp. 336; Dramatic Scenes and Characters, pp. 342; Ballads and Romances, pp. 351; Translations, pp. 336. Five volumes, 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

\* *Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists*. Three vols. in a box. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

† *Music in America*. Pp. 423. † *Music in England*. Pp. 231. Both by Dr. Frederic Louis Ritter. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

as Manhattanville, ignorant, apparently, that a collection of houses at the upper end of Manhattan Island was long ago given that name, which certainly has never before been applied, in either jest or earnest, to New York.

Dr. Ritter tells us that when he determined to write the history of musical development in the United States, he found that, in order to enable his readers to understand the peculiar beginnings and first growth of that development, an insight into the history of musical culture in England was desirable, and so he wrote *Music in England*,\* restricting himself to the consideration of what regards the original productive side of music. Within its limits the work is fairly done, though some of his views, as, for instance, the connection between the English Ballad and the Gregorian Chant, are a trifle whimsical. Both books have the merit of being interesting, and the one on music in this country, besides its readableness, will be found a useful book of reference.

Amateurs of china painting and water-color painting are fortunate in having excellent manuals, which have just appeared. That on *China Painting*† is by Florence Lewis, and has sixteen original colored plates. The directions are very practical and specific and the plates, with their clear tints, are excellent guides in color. The other manual is concerned with *Trees, and How to Paint Them in Water-Colors*,‡ by W. H. J. Boot, with eighteen colored plates and numerous engravings. The book is intended for students without a master, and does its work thoroughly well. Everyone knows that the trees painted by amateurs, and even some professional artists, are all dead, without any sign of life or mobility. Anyone can give trees vitality and lightness, if only he will supplement sharp observation by right practice. The present author shows exactly what that practice ought to be, and we doubt not that all who follow him carefully will obtain that freedom of handling and lightness of touch which are indispensable for tree painting.

Apart entirely from their literary merit, about which there does not seem to be much dif-

ference of opinion among the critics, the books of Edward P. Roe are of much interest to the bibliophile. Large editions are soon exhausted, and the sale mounts into the ten thousands. In his latest book, *His Sombre Rivals*,\* there is about as much mental suffering as the plot could be made to support, and we cannot recommend it as calculated to make time pass pleasantly, unless one is fond of being sensationally harrowed. It is the story of a philosophical student who falls in love with a girl who he afterward discovers is engaged to his most intimate friend. By an effort of the will, which shows its constitution must have been of "Bessemer steel," he suppresses all manifestation of eternal passion, and acts the part of friend to this couple. The rebellion breaking out soon after the marriage, both men enter the army, and becoming wonders of daring, reach high rank. Finally, after being saved more than once by Graham (the unhappy lover), Hilland (the husband) is killed, which so affects his wife as ultimately to weaken her mind to the verge of absolute idiocy. At the recommendation of the physicians, and as the only means of restoring her reason, Graham marries the widow while she is unconscious of what she is doing—he being the only one whose influence is sufficient to be effective. A year of travel abroad cures the heroine, and after considerable more in the way of unhappiness, all are left to grow old and die happy. His sombre rivals, by the way, are not persons, but personifications—Grief and Death. Incidental to all this are descriptions of battles, heroic exploits and escapes through the assistance of Southern negroes devoted to the cause of the North. This material, however, is more sensational than the manner of its use, and melodrama is rather avoided than sought after. The character of Graham, too, is powerfully drawn, and well sustained throughout, even if we do notice crudity in the opening chapters, in making his readiness to fall desperately in love much too prominent. Had we space we might quote a number of eloquent descriptions of deep feeling and bits of observation which are of some ability. But in this age of money-getting and cynicisms, pathos is cheap and emotion bad form. Mr. Ruskin asserts that real love between young people is impossible, and parents teach their children that the objects of marriage are pecuniary betterment. So long as this state of

\* See preceding note.

† *China Painting*. By Florence Lewis. With sixteen original colored plates. Drawing-book form, pp. 52. Cassell and Company, Limited, London, Paris and New York. 1883.

‡ *Trees, and How to Paint Them in Water-Colors*. By W. H. J. Boot. With eighteen colored plates and numerous wood-engravings. Drawing-book form, pp. 24. Cassell and Company, Limited, London, Paris and New York. 1883.

\* *His Sombre Rivals*. By Edward P. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1883.

things obtains, real love, that is neither maudlin nor egotistic, will be framed by the novelist in sensational surroundings.

Though not especially announced as such, *The Woods and Lakes of Maine*\* is truly a holiday publication. It is eminently calculated to please not only the votaries of Diana, and followers of the gentle Isaac, but appeals to the lovers of the picturesque as well. The subjects treated are simple, and the style unaffected, with no effort to take flights into the poetical. He who camps out beneath the vault of heaven, guarded only by the forest sentinels, may receive practical suggestions for his material comfort not without their value. The groundwork of the author's descriptions and experiences is a trip in a birch-bark canoe from Moosehead Lake to New Brunswick, a distance of a hundred and sixty miles through the wilderness. To this is added a copious index of Indian place-names of considerable philological value. On page 70, Mr. Hubbard tells us that "Had Virgil lived in these latter days he could never have written 'facile descensus Averno,'" and we quite agree with him. The merits of "The Woods and Lakes of Maine" far outnumber its few literary inaccuracies, and we would recommend all those who are interested, either in that region, or in nature, to read it. The volume is well gotten up, and the woodcuts, from drawings by Mr. Will L. Taylor, are far above the average.

*Guenn*† is a novel of the entirely artistic type now so much in vogue. Plot is subordinated to characterization, and incident to local coloring. In fact, there is no plot to speak of, and the mind tires of conversations and unimportant descriptions long-drawn out. *Guenn*, the prettiest girl of a Breton village, refuses to pose for the visiting artist, Everett Hamond; but, at last, her aversion being overcome, she not only becomes his model, but is fatally infatuated with him. The artist unfortunately looks not with the eye of passion, and his case is one of "pure utility." Being called away suddenly, Hamond is unable to say good-bye to *Guenn*, who thereupon ventures to cross the sea to some neighboring islands alone in a boat, and is drowned. As this threadbare narrative fails either to excite curiosity or sustain interest, one is entirely dependent upon the characters

for gratification. But both of them are unpleasant, true though *Guenn* may be to nature.

A girl belonging to and associating with the *canaille*, "whose tongue never failed her," and who kicks the basket of a fellow-washerwoman out of the way and usurps her place, who swears and does many other coarse things, can never elicit one's sympathy and admiration, however much we may analyze her psychologically. Nor does the fact of her disposition being softened by infatuation for a man make her a pleasant heroine. Gentleness and delicacy, as natural gifts, are to a woman what honor and courage are to a man—essential prerequisites to sentiment. We know from the beginning that *Guenn* is going to fall in love with Hamond, and we almost pity him, fearing the passion may be returned. Hamond himself, while to all outward seeming a man to excite a woman's love, is a most cold-blooded wretch in his deeper feelings and motives. By nature kind and jovial, he does many admirable things, and has many admirable qualities, with a face like Christ; but in the presence of his art he is a fiend. He calmly says that he could paint with indifference the man who ran away with his wife; and of women, that he "would see them all drowned and damned before my eyes, if it would help me to paint as I want to paint." For *Guenn* we can really see no plausible *raison d'être*. As a romance, it is attenuated and dull; and as a contribution to those absorbed in art, it commits too many anticlimaxes. Of the vignettes at the openings of chapters, the kindest thing that can be said is, that they are ridiculous.

This is the age of children's books, and youngsters have never been catered for so well and persistently. Yet, notwithstanding the increase in libraries for little people, old favorites retain their hold. It must be nearly fifty years since Jacob Abbott began to issue *The Rollo Books*,\* and they are as fresh and attractive to-day as when they were first started to entertain and instruct youthful readers. They have been translated into several languages of Europe and Asia. A new edition of the series, revised by the author, has been published by Crowell & Co. The fourteen volumes, made in a comely form, are put in a neat box. And from "Rollo Learning to Talk" down to "Rollo's Philosophy," they are all inviting.

Young readers have special reason for loving Cassell & Company, who are unwearied

\* *The Woods and Lakes of Maine*. Lucius L. Hubbard. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company. 1883.

† *Guenn*. By Blanch Willis Howard. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company. 1883.

\* *The Rollo Series*. Fourteen volumes in a box. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

in providing entertaining reading for juvenile readers. They issue four books to make a choice between which would be distracting to the youthful mind. *Children's Thoughts in Song and Story*,\* with rhymes, by Louisa D. Blake, and lithograph pictures, by Wilson de Meza, has a jolly aspect about it, which will be most enticing to those for whom it is intended. In *Four Little Friends*† a quartet of papa's daughters make a visit to New York, and are taken over the city by Mrs. Mary D. Brine, and explore any number of interesting places which are neglected by city children because they can see them every day. Mrs. Brine has a rare knack of entertaining small folk, and among the numerous illustrations are views of Broadway and other places. The illuminated cover will be a perpetual joy. That popular magazine, *Little Folks*,‡ is bound in a half-year volume for holiday use. It has countless pictures, droll and otherwise, but all entertaining. The reading matter is opposite to the pictures, and the whole will give hours of enjoyment. Mrs. Mary D. Brine comes again to the front in *Jingles and*

*Joys for Wee Girls and Boys*,\* with as diverting a set of rhymes as were ever put together for the delectation of wee humanity. The pictures tried hard to crowd out the text—there are so many of them—and it is high praise to say they are as good as the reading matter. The cover has some of the brightest colors of the rainbow, and will carry young hearts by storm.

If boys and girls could be taught by a book to speak and behave properly, every parent should make haste to get *Speech and Manners for Home and School*,† by Miss E. S. Kirkland. She has a winning way of recommending the proprieties, and the capital merit of not attempting too much. Unfortunately, this kind of thing can be acquired by training only, and good or ill breeding makes all the difference in the world. Still no help in such an important matter is to be despised. And Miss Kirkland's little book ought to be placed in the hands of all young people, in whose minds some of her hints will doubtless lodge, and thus serve to diminish the amount of vulgarity and offensive habits in the world.

\* *Children's Thoughts in Song and Story*. By Louise Dumaresque Blake. Illustrated on stone by Wilson de Meza. Cassell and Company, Limited: New York, London and Paris.

† *Four Little Friends: or, Papa's Daughters in Town*. By Mrs. Mary D. Brine. Cassell and Company, Limited: New York, London and Paris.

‡ *Little Folks*. A Magazine for the Young. New and

Enlarged Series. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., London, Paris and New York.

\* *Jingles and Joys for Wee Girls and Boys*. By Mary D. Brine. New York, London and Paris. Cassell and Company, Limited.

† *Speech and Manners for Home and School*. By Miss E. S. Kirkland. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1884.

## Town Talk.

The arrival of a New Year has from the earliest times made a strong impression on the imagination, and from the remotest ages men have celebrated that arrival with glad rejoicings. Upon what principle the human mind greets this stranger with such hearty welcome it is hard to tell, unless upon the supposition that the future must be better than the past. The troubles and trials of the year which departs, everyone knows. But hope, which springs eternal in the human breast, fondly anticipates something better in the year to come. The greetings and good wishes which pass from mouth to mouth are an expression of that hope, and the festal meetings that take place are but another utterance of an expectation of good things. The wisdom which looks rather on the bright side of life will encourage these bright expectations, though in fact they are as unreasonable as fixing the beginning of the year on the day on which we now celebrate it. For there is no

reason why the first day of the year should come when now it does, save that it has so come for eighteen hundred years or more. The year should have some natural change to mark its beginning. The winter solstice would be appropriate, for then there is a marked alteration. The sun begins to mount in the sky, and the days begin to grow longer. But that change is some days before the first of January. The fact is that the only reason why our year begins when it does, is, that when Julius Cæsar reformed the calendar, the new moon came a few days after the winter solstice; and as the old Romans had for ages been used to see a month begin with a new moon, he thought it wiser not to shock their prejudices by starting the year before the new moon appeared. After all, it does not make much difference. No one but astronomers could tell precisely when the winter solstice comes, and a few days, more or less, are of little account. What is far more essen-



tial is that the year should have some fixed and definite beginning known of all men, and our present arrangements answer that purpose perfectly. But it is worth noting how the dead Cæsar still rules us, and how we follow his directions to-day as exactly as the Romans whom he ruled so long ago. The great dictator is implicitly obeyed on continents of whose existence he knew not, and America and Australia begin their New Year with the day he commanded.

What the year 1884 has in store for the world remains to be seen. But we in the United States will have every reason to be satisfied if it is as benign a year as 1883. A more gracious and friendly year than the one just ending we have never had in our history, and it has been a vast improvement on the years ending in "3" of the two previous decades. 1863 was certainly a sad one with the country rent by civil strife, with vast armies encamped face to face and preparing for the bloody conflicts which came in 1864. And many yet have cause to regret 1873, that year of panics and mercantile disaster. But 1883 has been one of peace and prosperity, with naught to interrupt its placid current. In the near future there is nothing apparent to disturb that current. Next year we shall have, it is true, the Presidential election, but the disturbance which that causes there is every reason to believe will be but a ripple on the surface. Europe, armed to the teeth, may well envy us, and await with some anxiety the coming year. There peace or war is hardship. For even if there be no blood-letting, the immense armaments of the continental nations are a heavy and almost unbearable burden on their people. We, at least, can celebrate the New Year heartily and without dismal forebodings, and doing so in New York we keep up the traditions of the city. When New York was New Amsterdam, nowhere was there heartier festivity to greet the New Year than on Manhattan Island. To make every one as happy as possible at that glad time was a part of the religion of the day. And when New Amsterdam became New York the change of name made no difference. Englishmen and Huguenot joined hands with the Dutchmen whom they found here, and all combined to keep up the good customs so well established. If the growth of the vast city has in a measure swallowed up some customs which belonged specially to us at this season, its manifestations of good-will still remain in abundance. The greeting which is heard everywhere is something which can in no wise be foregone, and

THE MANHATTAN would be false to the city of its birth if it failed to wish all its readers a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

It is so long since people began to talk about the Bartholdi statue, and so little effort has been made on this side of the ocean to get the statue here, that people began to class it among those unfinished jobs which one generation hands down to another with little hope of ever seeing them completed. The sculptor we have learned was drawing to the end of his labors, and nothing remained but to provide a base on which to stand the figure. The prospect of getting that base has long been dubious, but the exhibition opened a few days since in New York gives a brighter aspect to the cause it represents. The quality of this exhibition—which is now open to the public, and which should be seen by every intelligent man and woman, if not for the sake of Bartholdi, then for the sake of education and inspiration—its quality, we say, is exquisitely rare, fine and lovely. We have had many loan exhibitions here, but none of these have brought together a large part of the richest treasure which is hidden away in the privacy of homes. It is this treasure which is shown in the present exhibition. Nothing could be more appropriate and timely, in the circumstances, than such an exhibition. We, the people of the United States, are called upon to erect a pedestal for M. Bartholdi's Liberty Statue. We are to receive an impressive work of art, built and designed and paid for in France. Since our millionaires are unable to purchase a pedestal, it is proper that art itself should purchase it. The Bartholdi exhibition stands for art. Those who have made it strove, therefore, in a right and noble spirit. On the whole, we must felicitate ourselves that all the money needed for the pedestal was not found several months ago. If it had been found, we should not possess a great art exhibition to-day. In his address at the opening General Grant said: "I know New Yorkers well enough to be assured that the fund necessary to erect this pedestal might be raised in a single day if they could be brought to realize the need of it." Well, they have not been brought so far—and that is why the Academy of Design is now filled to its remotest corners with splendor and color and beauty. We are dazzled by a glory of color when we enter the rooms. We are induced to take, at first, a broad view of everything. The exquisite details of the



collection hold our sight and charm our fancy through long hours of close observation. But, as we go up the broad stairway from the street door and through the various rooms, we are

struck at once by the gorgeousness of tapestries, the burnished metal of old armors, the striking force of certain pictures, the glow of innumerable beautiful objects.

## Salmagundi.

TO MAURICE THOMPSON.

(On Reading his "Songs of Fair Weather.")

Lyrist of woods and waters, loving best  
Pure Nature's variant charms, thou art to  
me

A new Theocritus, whose gaze can see  
New joys in that wide Sicily of thy West!  
Yet now no longer thou companionest  
Meek flocks on dewy lawns, but wieldest free  
The bow of dead Diana, fallen to thee  
By some divine and beautiful bequest!

Thy words, that often are leafage to the sense,  
Have strength like bark and grain of sturdy  
boughs,

And rhythm as of a wind that sweeps and  
veers,

Till by the sorcery of their influence  
We steal down fragrant glooms where shy  
fawns brouse,

Or crouch where slim birds float from reedy  
meres!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

HIT OR MISS.

The dear little Misses we meet with in life,  
What hopes and what fears they awaken;  
For when a man chooses a Miss for a wife  
He may be Miss-led or Miss-taken.  
When I courted Miss Kid, and secured the kiss,  
I thought, in the warmth of my passion,  
That I'd made a great Hit in thus gaining a  
Miss;  
But 'twas only a Miss-calculation.

For so many Misses surrounded Miss Kid,  
With me and my love interfering,  
A jealous Miss-trust put it into her head  
That she ought not to give me a hearing:  
Then a certain Miss-chance that I met with  
one day  
Almost sent my hopes to destruction,  
For she felt a suspicion of what I would say,  
All owing to one Miss-construction.

Deceived by one Miss-information I wrote,

The cause of her anger demanding;  
Miss-direction prevented her getting the note,  
And introduced Miss-understanding;  
When to make her my wife I exultingly swore,  
Miss-belief made her doubt my intention,  
And I nearly got wed to Miss-fortune before  
I could wean her from Miss-apprehension.

But when she no longer would yield to Miss-  
doubt,

Nor be led by Miss-representation,  
She had with Miss-like a most serious fall out,  
And to wed felt no more hesitation.

But when to the church to be married we went,  
Miss-take made the parson to linger,  
And I got so annoyed by an awkward Miss-fit,  
That I put the ring on the wrong finger.

Having been so Miss-used, I kept a strict watch,  
For I still felt a fear of Miss-leading;

And I found, when too late, an unlucky Miss-  
match

Interfered with the joys of our wedding.  
Miss-rule in our dwelling put everything wrong,

Miss-management there took her station,  
Till my cash, like the time taken reading this  
song,

Was all wasted by Miss-application.

F. G. OTTARSON.

ABSENCE.

Fragrant odors fill the air—  
Breath of rose and violet;  
Birds in cadences most rare  
Sing for joy. But I forget  
All this music—this perfume  
Wafted from the roses' bloom,  
Sad and lonely as a tomb  
Is my heart to-day

Robins, hush your little throats,  
Cease those sweet, ecstatic trills!  
And this fragrance fine which floats  
Through the valleys—down the hills,  
Roses, keep till I have grown  
Glad again! My bird has flown,  
And the rose I call my own  
Blushes far away.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

## IMPRISONED.

When to the caged bird  
Comes spring's reviving breeze,  
And his sad heart is stirred  
By blossom-laden trees,  
In the soft air he plumes his drooping wings,  
And, his captivity forgot, he sings.

But if afar he hears  
The answer of his mate,  
Lonely his lot appears,  
His prison desolate.

Hushed then his song, and mute, in wild unrest  
Frantic against the bars he beats his breast.

WALTER LEARNED.

## BETWEEN THE LINES.

"*Dear Mr. Brown*"—I know she meant  
"Dear Jack;" that D with sentiment  
Is overweighted.  
Shy little love! She did not dare;  
That flutter in the M shows where  
She hesitated.

The darling girl! What loving heed  
She gives the strokes; it does not need  
Great penetration  
To note the lingering, trusting touch;  
As if to write to me were such  
A consolation.

"*The flowers came; so kind of you.*  
*A thousand thanks!*" Oh, fie! Miss Prue,  
The line betrays you.  
You know just there you sent a kiss;  
You meant that blot to tell me this,  
And it obeys you.

"*They gave me such a happy day;*  
*I love them so,*" she meant to say,  
"Because you sent them."

But then, you see, the page is small;  
She wrote in haste—the words—and all—  
I know she meant them.

"*At night I kept them near me, too,*  
*And dreamt of them,*" she wrote, "and you,"  
But would erase it.

Did she but have one tender thought,  
That perished with the blush it brought,  
My love would trace it.

"*This morning all the buds have blown.*"  
That flourish, surely, is "Your own,"  
'Tis written queerly;  
She meant it so. Ah! useless task  
To hide your love 'neath such a mask  
As that "Sincerely."

"*Prudence.*" Those tender words confess  
As much to me as a caress,

And, Prue—you know it.  
But then, to tease me, you must add  
Your other name, although you had  
Scarce space to do it.

A dash prolonged across the sheet  
To close the note? The little cheat—

No, when she penned it,  
She meant its quavering length to say  
That she could write to me for aye,  
And never end it.

Prue! Love is like the flame that glows  
Unseen, till lightly fanned it grows

Too fierce to quell it.  
And mine! ah, mine is unconfessed;  
But now —; that dash and all the rest—  
I'll have to tell it.

H. C. FAULKNER.

## THE OLD FLAG.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!  
And let the heart have its say;  
You're man enough, for a tear in your eye  
That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough; for a thrill that goes  
To your very finger-tips—  
Ay! the lump just then in your throat that rose—  
Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder, high,  
And show him the faded shred—  
Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky  
If Death could have dyed them red,

The man that bore it with Death has lain  
This twenty years and more;—  
He died that the work should not be vain  
Of the men who bore it before.

The man that bears it is bent and old,  
And ragged his beard and gray,—  
But look at his eye-fire, young and bold,  
At the tune that he hears them play.

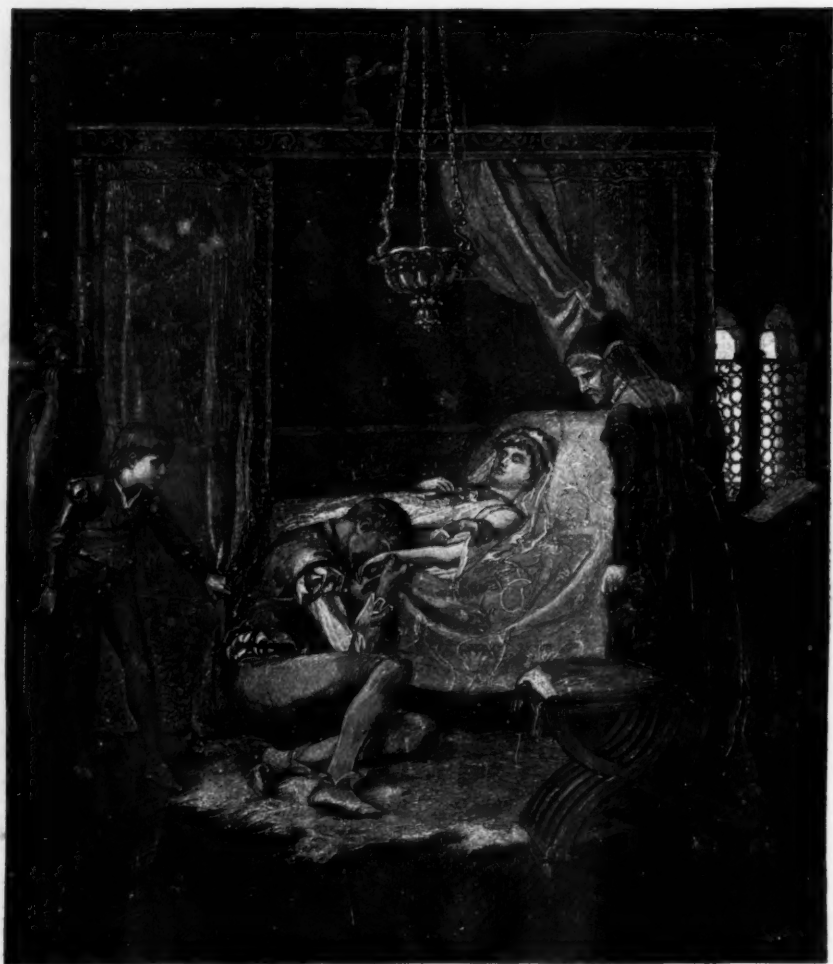
The old tune thunders through all the air,  
And strikes right in to the heart;—  
If ever it calls for you, boy, be there!  
Be there and ready to start.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!  
Uncover the youngster's head!  
Teach him to hold it holy and high,  
For the sake of its sacred dead.

H. C. BUNNER.

EVACUATION DAY,  
1883.





"They pulled the curtains backward from the bed,  
And there the Queen lay, sweet, and fair, and dead."

(See poem, "The Queen's Revenge.")